COMICO

JEZEBEL JADE™

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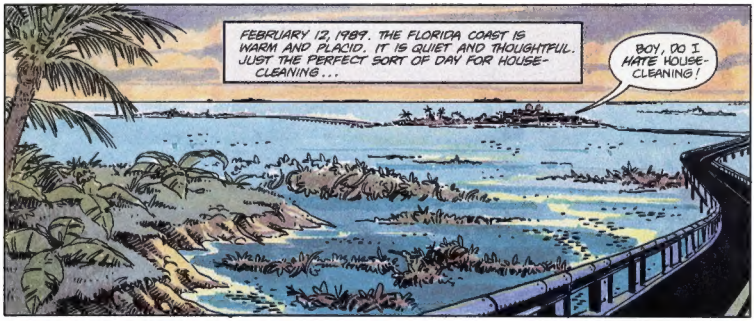
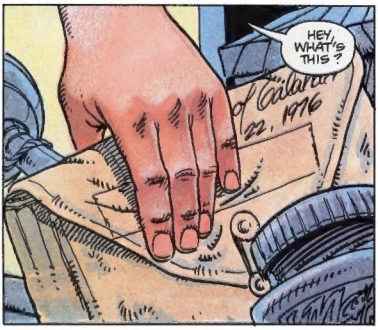
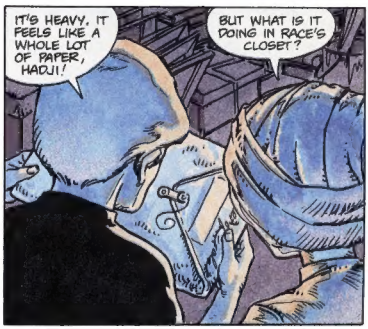
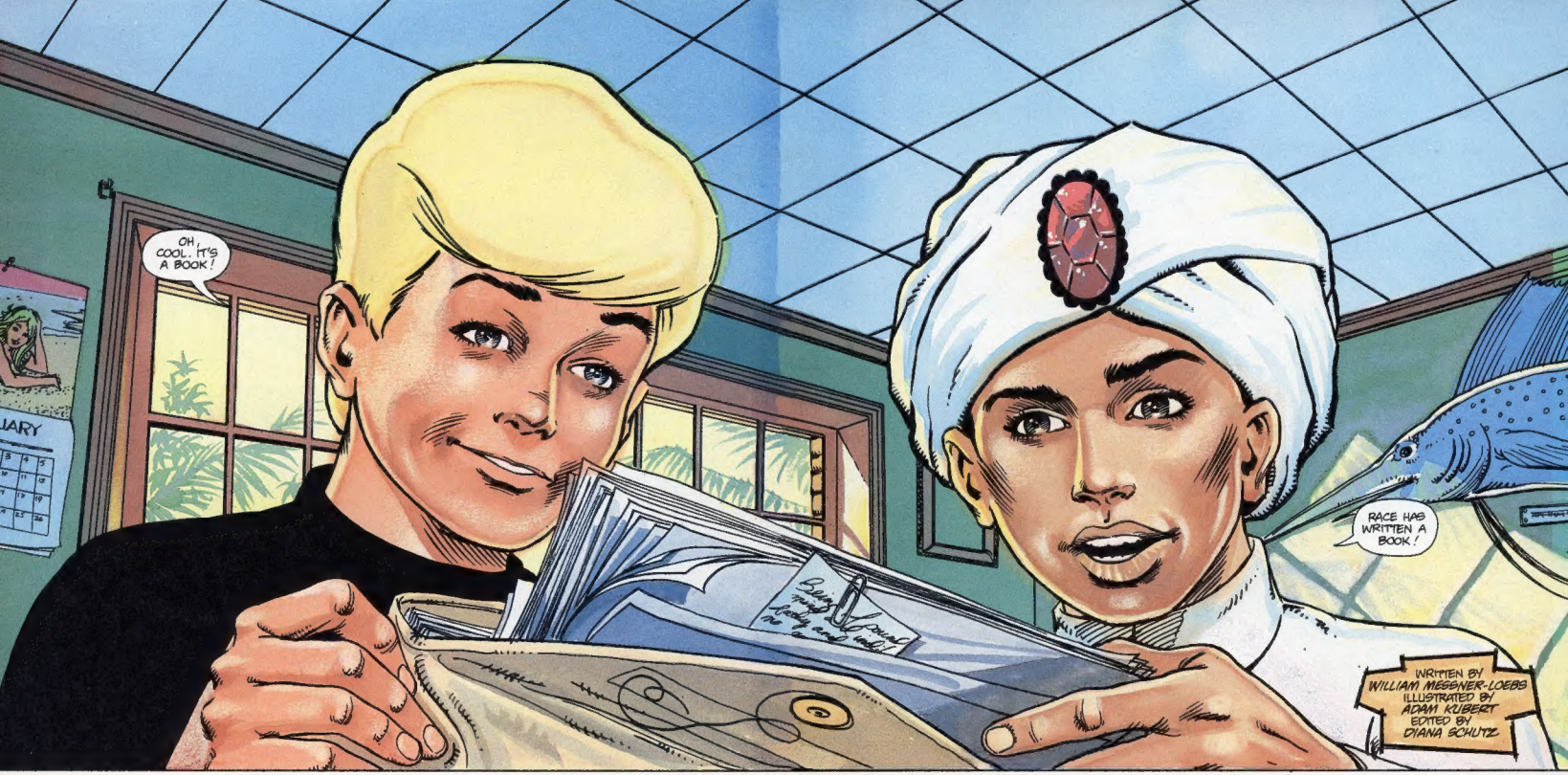

FEBRUARY 12, 1989. THE FLORIDA COAST IS WARM AND PLACID. IT IS QUIET AND THOUGHTFUL. JUST THE PERFECT SORT OF DAY FOR HOUSE-CLEANING...
BOY, DO I HATE HOUSE-CLEANING!

I HATE IT ALSO, JONNY, BUT WE PROMISED YOUR FATHER WE WOULD CLEAN THE ENTIRE COMPLEX. AND IN RETURN HE WILL TAKE US WITH HIM TO THE CONFERENCE IN JAMAICA!

YEAH, I GUESS. WELL, IF WE'RE GOING TO SWEEP, WE SHOULD PICK UP...


HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
22, 1976

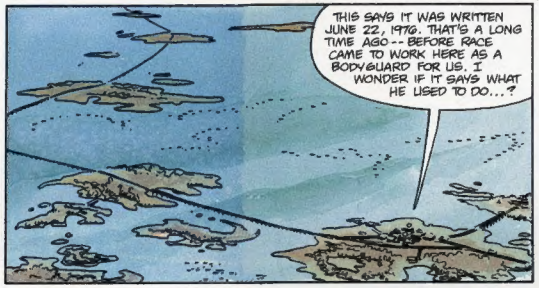

IT'S HEAVY. IT FEELS LIKE A WHOLE LOT OF PAPER, HADJI!
BUT WHAT IS IT DOING IN RACE'S CLOSET?

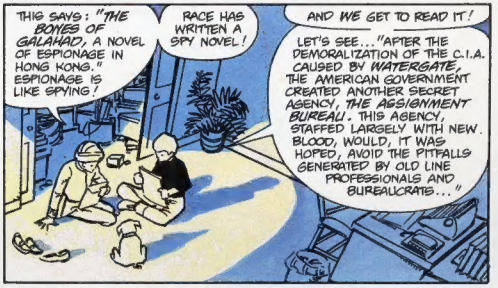


The BONES of GALAHAD

CHAPTER ONE
A SINGLE, DEADLY MOMENT

LISTEN TO THIS:
"BEING OF SOUND BODY AND INDIFFERENT MIND, AND HAVING NO FAMILY WORTH SPEAKING OF, I, ROGER TIBERIUS BANNON, DO BEQUEATH THIS MANUSCRIPT INTO THE LOVING HANDS OF JAMES B. CANNON, MY BEST FRIEND. DO WITH THIS WHAT YOU WILL, WILD JIM. BY NOW I MUST BE PAST CARING."
GOSH!


THIS SAYS IT WAS WRITTEN JUNE 22, 1976. THAT'S A LONG TIME AGO -- BEFORE RACE CAME TO WORK HERE AS A BODYGUARD FOR US. I WONDER IF IT SAYS WHAT HE USED TO DO...?


THIS SAYS: "THE BONES OF GALAHAD, A NOVEL OF ESPIONAGE IN HONG KONG." ESPIONAGE IS LIKE SPYING!
RACE HAS WRITTEN A SPY NOVEL!
AND WE GET TO READ IT!
LET'S SEE... "AFTER THE DEMORALIZATION OF THE C.I.A. CAUSED BY WATERGATE, THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT CREATED ANOTHER SECRET AGENCY, THE ASSIGNMENT BUREAU. THIS AGENCY, STAFFED LARGELY WITH NEW BLOOD, WOULD, IT WAS HOPED, AVOID THE PITFALLS GENERATED BY OLD LINE PROFESSIONALS AND BUREAUCRATS..."

"THEREFORE, A REBELLIOUS AND DEVIL-MAY-CARE ATTITUDE WAS TOLERATED IN A YOUNG AGENT. IT WAS EVEN ENCOURAGED..."
BAANNNOOOONN! GET IN HERE! NOW!
I HEAR YOUR DULCET TONES AND OBEY, O CHIEF O' MY DREAMS!
THAT'S ENOUGH, BANNON. THIS REPORT'S A DISGRACE! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING OF?
OH, I DUNNO. MONEY, POWER, GIRLS, YOUR BALD SPOT! I THINK ABOUT YOUR BALD SPOT A LOT!
BANNON...!
GIVE ME A CLUE, CHIEF... WHAT WAS I THINKING OF WHEN?
MAYBE I WASN'T THINKING OF ANYTHING. YOU ALWAYS SAY I NEVER THINK BEFORE I...
WHAT-WERE-YOU-THINKING-OF-WHEN-YOU-PUT-THE-FRENCHMAN-DOWN-THE-WELL?

WHAT FRENCH... OKAY, OKAY! I REMEMBER! IT WAS THE FRENCHMAN AT THE END OF THE GREASED ROPE, RIGHT? WAS HE MAD ABOUT THAT?
HE HAD A RIGHT TO BE MAD! HE'S A STATION CHIEF FOR THE SÛRETÉ!
HE IS OUR ALLY, RACE. THE RUSSIANS ARE OUR ENEMIES AND THE FRENCH ARE OUR ALLIES.
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP THAT STRAIGHT?
HE WASN'T ANY ALLY OF MINE.
HE WANTED TO THROW ME IN JAIL, JUST BECAUSE WILD JIM AND I STOLE HIS MEASLY CAR!
BESIDES, HE WOULDN'T LET US TAKE THE MICRO-FILM, KEPT BLEATING ABOUT ITS BEING FRENCH PROPERTY!
AND YOU REMEMBER HOW HAPPY YOU WERE WHEN WE GAVE IT TO YOU?
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW THAT YOU... OH, SKIP IT!
WHERE'S THE OTHER LUNATIC?
DID YOU BELLOW, MINE CAPEETAIN? IS THERE A PROBLEM?
OH, IT'S THAT FRENCH GUY. REMEMBER? THE ONE WITH NO SENSE OF HUMOR.
THE WELL? IS HE STILL MAD ABOUT THAT?
THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS AT COLLEGE, HE AND WILD JIM AND JIMMY TRUMP. THEY HAD BEEN RECRUITED AS FRIENDS AND EQUALS. BUT THEY WERE NO LONGER EQUALS...
...AND NO LONGER FRIENDS.
ALL RIGHT. NOW LISTEN UP! THIS IS SERIOUS!
AH, SERIOUS!
WE'RE ALWAYS SERIOUS!
WE'RE BANNON AND CANNON! "YOU PLAN 'EM, WE JAM 'EM!"

JIMMY HAD TWISTED HIS ANKLE ON HIS FIRST CASE AND ENDED UP BEHIND A DESK...
EITHER OF YOU TWO JOKERS KNOW WHAT "ENDORPHINS" ARE?
SURE. THEY'RE BIG FISH THAT JUMP THROUGH FLAMING HOOPS!
I KNOW, TEACHER! THE BRAIN MAKES IT TO BLOCK PAIN. RIGHT?
...HE HAD QUICKLY RISEN TO DEPUTY CHIEF...
...AND WHEN HIS SUPERIOR KEELED OVER FROM A HEART ATTACK, JIMMY MOVED UP AND LOST HIS SENSE OF HUMOR.
RIGHT. IT'S A NATURAL PAIN-KILLER. IT PRODUCES THE "RUNNER'S HIGH."
BUT, MORE THAN THAT, IT DRASTICALLY REDUCES STRESS.
GOOD ANSWER. GOOD ANSWER.
THIS IS PROFESSOR CLARK MAXWELL, THE HEAD RESEARCHER FOR THE GOVERNMENT ON ENDORPHINS.
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO HE WAS KIDNAPPED.

HE DISAPPEARED FROM HIS LOCKED LABORATORY, AND WITNESSES SAW SOME WORKMEN CARRYING A LARGE BUNDLE TO THEIR TRUCK.
INTERESTING. BUT PEOPLE GET SNATCHED EVERY DAY. HOW DOES HE RATE THE FIRST STRING TO RESCUE HIM?
MAXWELL DISCOVERED A WAY TO SYNTHESIZE ENDORPHINS, ALLOWING MEGADOSAGE. AND HE BEGAN TO EXPERIMENT WITH MICE.
MEET "JOHN CARTER."
FIRST... YOU ARE NOT THE FIRST STRING! AND SECOND, MAXWELL IS IMPORTANT BECAUSE OF HIS THEORIES.
SEE, HE FIGURED THAT STRESS WAS TIED INTO THE AGING PROCESS... AND ENDORPHINS COUNTER STRESS.
LABORATORY MICE GENERALLY LAST SIX MONTHS. THIS ONE IS CLOSE TO TWO YEARS OLD. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU?
ETERNAL LIFE FOR MICE?
ETERNAL LIFE FOR EVERYBODY!
OR WHOEVER'S RICH ENOUGH TO BUY IT. OR PRIVY TO ENOUGH SECRETS TO TRADE FOR IT.
ALL OF MAXWELL'S PAPERS AND NOTES WENT WITH HIM. WASHINGTON IS QUIETLY HYSTERICAL.

IMAGINE WHAT THE RUSSIANS COULD DO WITH THIS! WHO WOULDN'T JOIN THEM, IF THEY COULD PROMISE--?
WE GET THE PICTURE! IT'S IMPORTANT!
WHEN DO WE LEAVE?
MAXWELL'S BEEN SIGHTED THREE TIMES IN THE LAST TEN HOURS. ONCE IN HONG KONG, ONCE IN KINGSTON, AND ONCE IN BERLIN...
ORIENT AIRWAYS
...TWO ARE FALSE TRAILS... BUT WE HAVE TO ASSUME ONE IS REAL.
MARTINSON'S ALREADY IN BERLIN. WILD JIM, I WANT YOU IN JAMAICA. AND, RACE, YOU GO TO HONG KONG. YOUR CONTACT WILL BE SIR GEORGE WITTENBY, OUT OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.
JAMAICA
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO SPLIT US UP, RACER.
TRUE. BUT WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER IN SPIRIT!
DO YOU THINK I LIKE TO GIVE ORDERS THAT SEND MY FRIENDS OUT TO FIGHT AND DIE? WELL, I DON'T! I HATE IT!
BUT YOU DO LOVE GIVING ORDERS, JIMMY.
AND DON'T TRY TO SELL ME ON THE HELL YOU GO THROUGH, SENDING KIDS LIKE US UP IN CRATES LIKE THAT...
"...MAKES YOU SOUND LIKE YOU WATCHED DAWN PATROL ONCE TOO OFTEN."
HONG KONG, THAT MIDNIGHT.
SHE FELT LIKE THIS WAS AN OLD MOVIE...

...THE KIND OF MOVIE WHEREIN THE HEROINE FALLS TWENTY FEET ONTO A BUSY HONG KONG STREET AND BREAKS BOTH HER LEGS...
...AND THE PASSERS-BY ROB HER AS SHE SCREAMS, AND POLICE COME AND FIND HER IN THEIR FILES, AND BEAT HER UNTIL SHE CONFESSES, AND THEN SHOOT HER IN THE HEAD...
SHE ALWAYS HATED MOVIES LIKE THAT...

SOMEHOW, IT HAD SEEMED EASIER THAT MORNING...
« IT SHOULD NOT BE SO DIFFICULT FOR YOU, MY DEAR. THEY SAY THAT JEZEBEL JADE IS THE BEST THIEF IN HONG KONG. »
« AS USUAL, MEIN HERR, THEY LIE. I PREFER TO THINK OF MYSELF AS A ROBIN HOOD. I STEAL FROM THE EVIL RICH AND GIVE TO THE EVIL POOR. »

« I AM NEITHER POOR NOR EVIL, MISS JADE... MERELY MISGUIDED. BUT IF THOSE TAPES WERE TO FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS, MY GOVERNMENT'S, SAY, IT COULD APPEAR THAT I WAS A TRAITOR. »
« AND NOW YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO SET RIGHT THE COSMIC BALANCE AND RECLAIM THEM FROM YOUR BLACKMAILER FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. »

« WE HAD DISCUSSED TEN...! »
« SO WE HAD. NOW WE ARE DISCUSSING TWENTY. »

« IF I'M GOING TO CLIMB A WALL WITH A LOCK PICK BETWEEN MY TEETH, I WANT TO BE COMPENSATED FOR AT LEAST A TENTH OF THE MONEY I'M SAVING YOU! »
HE HAD AGREED TOO EASILY. HER PRICE HAD BEEN TOO LOW.
CLICK
AT LEAST LILY MARTELL, THE WOMAN THEY CALLED "THE WITCH OF THE EAST," WAS ON HER WAY TO MEET HERR SCHMIDT AT THEIR USUAL RENDEZVOUS--
--EXCEPT TONIGHT HE WAS STAYING AT HOME.
IT SHOULD GIVE HER ENOUGH TIME...
TAP TAP TAP
...THE SAFE SHOULD BE ON AN INSIDE WALL OR SUNK INTO THE FLOOR...
UNLESS...
SO, AN' WHAT 'AVE WE 'ERE?

A THIEF! 'OW AMUSING! NO DOUBT SENT BY ZAT PIG OF A GERMAN!
OR ARE YOU ZEE LITTLE FRIEND OF ZEE 'ITALIAN WI' ZEE TERRIBLE SECRET?
IT DOES NOT MATTER, BECAUSE SOON YOU WILL BE DEAD!
AN' MY BEAUTIFUL SECRETS WILL BE SAFE!
SKKRAKKTT
PAIN JOLTS HER. TOO MUCH PAIN. THERE MUST BE POISON ON THE SPINES...
ONCE I CAUGHT A SERVANT OF MINE STEALING FROM ME... AN' I RIP 'ER TO PIECES WI' ZEE WHIP. SHE KILL 'ERSELF WHEN SHE SEE WHAT I 'AVE DONE TO 'ER.
NOW I WILL..
SKKRATT

«YOU'LL BE IN HELL FIRST, SOW!»
KRRASSSH
«YOU... YOU SPEAK FRENCH!»
«UH-HUH»

AND SO..
«...SO, IT IS LUCKY THAT MY SKIN IS OF THE STURDY SORT. I LOVE THE WIG, BY THE WAY...»
«I WILL DRINK YOUR BLOOD FOR THIS!»
«I WILL SEE YOU DIE AT MY FEET AND I WILL LAUGH!»
«MAYBE SO, BUT NOT TO-NIGHT!»
«YOU SEE, THE WIG GAVE ME THE IDEA. IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT IF I WERE DRESSED AS YOU AND CONFRONTED THAT FOOL OF A GERMAN, HE WOULD GIVE ME MORE MONEY.»
«AND THEN, IF I COME BACK LATER AS MYSELF AND HAND HIM THE VIDEOTAPE, HE'LL GIVE ME MORE MONEY STILL! THE LIGHTS WILL BE DIM, AND HE IS A FOOL!»
«WHAT DO YOU THINK? THE CONTACTS ARE MINE, OF COURSE. NOT A BAD LIKENESS!»

« YOU WILL NEVER FIND MY TAPES. »
« YOU WILL DIE NEVER HAVING FOUND THEM ! »
« WRONG AGAIN ALTHOUGH I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SAFE... IT WASN'T EASY TO FIND ! »
« AH HA ! ANOTHER CLIENT COME TO PAY ! THIS COULD TURN INTO A MOST PROFITABLE EVENING ! »
KNOK
KNOK
« NOW, BE VERY QUIET ! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO SCARE OUR FRIEND OFF, WOULD WE ? »
Mmmuhfilrbesbrr !
« WELL SAID ! »
mmphrrlubbubb..
COMING...
KNOK
KNOK
KNOK

ENTREZ-VOUS, MY FRIEND.

EXCEPT...MARTELL HADN'T EXPECTED THIS VISITOR, AND THERE WAS SOMETHING...

WHADDADAD

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL WITH A THROWN KNIFE, HOWEVER...

ZO, DER THIEF *FAILED*, EH, FRAULEIN WITCH? JUST AS VELL...THIS ISS MORE PERMANENT...

...IT **CAN** BE A USEFUL DISTRACTION...

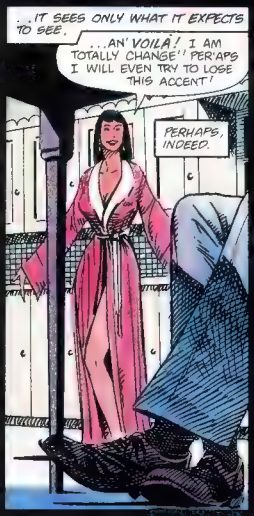
WHOOOAAA

MORE BEAUTIFUL, PERHAPS.
THIS IS RACE BANNON, FROM THE STATES. WE NEED YOU, MISS MARTELL.
Um...TO DO WHAT, EXACTLY?
TO FIND A MAN--A SCIENTIST.
YOU HAVE CONTACTS, SOURCES THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS. AND YOU'RE A SURVIVOR. THAT'S WORTH A LOT.
JUST HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH?
A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY. ENOUGH THAT YOU CAN STOP THIS PETTY BLACKMAILING.
IT'LL GET YOU KILLED ONE DAY, OLD GIRL.
THEN YOU'RE WITH US ON THIS! EXCELLENT!
AND A MAN'S LIFE IS INVOLVED... IF THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU.
DON'T GIVE ME YOUR SMIRKING SERMONS, AMERICAN! LIVE IN THIS CITY, AS I 'AVE LIVE'... FACE WHAT I 'AVE FACE' BEFORE YOU JUDGE ME!
IF THIS MAN OF SCIENCE IS TO BE FOUND, IT IS I, ZEE "WITCH OF ZEE EAST," WHO WILL FIND HIM... NOT SOME CLOISTER' NUN!
VIPER.
FOOL.

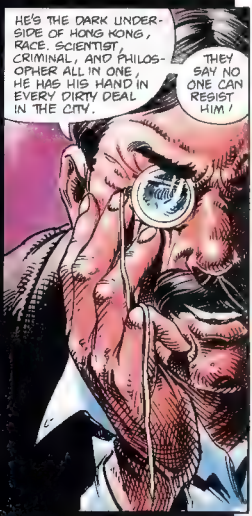
I'D SAY THIS PLACE HAS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULLNESS, HOWEVER.
COME AND STAY AT MY HOUSE FOR TONIGHT. YOU'LL BE SAFE WHILST WE MAKE PLANS
MERCI, M'SIEUR WITTENBY.
JUS' ALLOW ME TO TAKE A FEW LITTLE MEMENTOS...
MUFF-FFI! MO! MO! MUFF-FFF!
AND WHO IS THAT?
A PARTNER OF ZEE LATE HERR SCHMIDT--A LITTLE FOOL OF A THIEF CALLED JEZEBEL JADE, FOR WHOM I 'AVE NO MORE USE!
BLAM BLAM
NO WITNESSES, EH? I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. NO BLOODY CHOICE.
SHE SINCERELY HOPED THAT LILY MARTELL REALLY HAD WHIPPED A SERVANT GIRL TO DEATH.
WITTENBY! WHAT THE DEVIL...?
HAD TO, OLD BOY. SHOW ANY WEAKNESS TO THESE FOREIGN TYPES AND THEY'LL CUT YOUR THROAT AS YOU SLEEP!

TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE INTERNATIONAL SECTION OF HONG KONG...
ONE OF THE RULES OF SURVIVAL IS...
..."IF YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO LIVE YOUR LIFE AS A TISSUE OF LIES AND DECEIT...
"...MAKE IT AS SIMPLE A TISSUE OF LIES AND DECEIT AS POSSIBLE...
"...KEEPING IN MIND THE SIMPLEST STATE OF ALL IS DEATH..."
..SO, YOU SEE, OLD BOY, ANY ABDUCTION HERE WOULD BE...
AH, MISS MARTELL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR HAIR?
DYED IT. YOU ARE RIGHT, SIR GEORGE. ZEE GERMAN 'AS FRIENDS. IT IS SAFER FOR LILY MARTELL TO DISAPPEAR FOR A WHILE!

A CHANGE OF MAKE-UP, A CONTACT LENS, A GLASS EYE.
THE HUMAN MIND IS STRANGE...


...IT SEES ONLY WHAT IT EXPECTS TO SEE.
...AN' VOILÀ! I AM TOTALLY CHANGE'! PER'APS I WILL EVEN TRY TO LOSE THIS ACCENT!
PERHAPS, INDEED.

JOLLY GOOD.
I WAS JUST EXPLAINING TO RACE THAT IF HIS STOLEN PROFESSOR IS SOMEWHERE IN HONG KONG, THEN DR. ZIN IS INVOLVED.
TRÈS VRAI! SUCH A MILD LITTLE MAN TO BE IN ZEE GRIP OF ZAT DEMON!
WHO IS THIS "ZIN"?


HE'S THE DARK UNDERSIDE OF HONG KONG, RACE. SCIENTIST, CRIMINAL, AND PHILOSOPHER ALL IN ONE, HE HAS HIS HAND IN EVERY DIRTY DEAL IN THE CITY.
THEY SAY NO ONE CAN RESIST HIM!

TOMORROW WE'LL START CHECKING OUT LEADS. I KNOW OF ONE MAN WITH AN IN TO ZIN'S ORGANIZATION, AND HE'S A FRIEND.
SO GET TO BED AND GET SOME REST. YOU'LL NEED IT!

SHE WOKE UP SEVERAL TIMES THAT NIGHT.
SOUR DREAMS CHOKED HER.
THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER SHOULDER. SHE COULD MOVE THE ARM, BUT IT WAS NUMB. AND SHE WAS SO TIRED.
SHE HAD TRIED TO WASH THE WHIP WOUND AND GET ALL THE POISON OUT.
BUT WHAT IF SHE HADN'T?
SHE WAS STARTING TO BE FRIGHTENED...
...BUT SHE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE HAVING TROUBLE SLEEPING...
RACE! RACE, WAKE UP!
WHA--? SIR GEORGE...? WHAT'S HAPPENED...?

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! I CAN'T CONTACT MY PEOPLE.
ZIN MUST BE MASSING FOR A WAR THROUGHOUT THE CITY. DO YOU HAVE ANYONE HERE WE CAN CALL ON FOR BACK-UP?
'FRAID NOT. WE'RE SPREAD PRETTY THIN.
DO YOU HAVE A SHIELDED TRANSMITTER?
PROBLEMS?
SEEMS LIKELY.
THIS IS DANDELION CALLING MEADOWLAND... DO YOU COPY?
WE COPY YOU DANDELION. HOW IS THE WEATHER?
DANDELION?
THE WEATHER HERE STINKS. ALL OF THE LOCAL FLOWERS ARE DYING. CAN YOU SEND MORE?
NEGATIVE, DANDELION. WE HAVE HAIL. THE PETUNIAS AND ROSEBUDS ARE DEAD. SUGGEST YOU... HOME...ELSE... FAST....
DAMN. IT'S BREAKING UP!
OR BEING JAMMED.
MARTINSON'S DEAD. AND WILD JIM'S DEAD. WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON?
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S CLOSING THE PIPELINE ALL OVER THE WORLD. WHATEVER WE DO HAD BEST BE DONE QUICKLY!

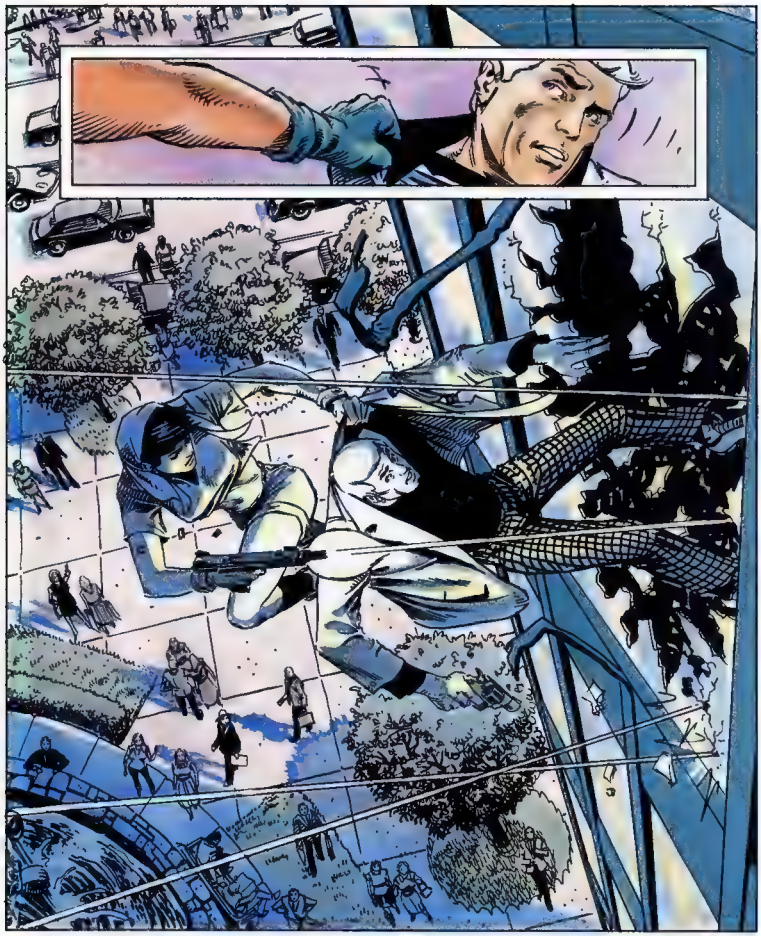
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WILD JIM IS DEAD.
I THOUGHT HE'D BE HARDER TO KILL.
EVERYONE DIES, M'SIEUR. WE LIVE IN ZEE WORLD OF KILLERS.
PUT A SOCK IN IT, LADY. MY BEST FRIEND JUST BOUGHT IT. I'M IN NO MOOD FOR HIGH-SCHOOL CYNICISM!
MEN ARE DYING ALL OVER ZEE WORLD, ZIS CITY IS AN ARMED CAMP, AN' WE ARE SET TO KILL OR BE KILL'...ALL OVER ZEE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE.
I S'INK IT IS AN EXCELLENT TIME FOR CYNICISM, M'SIEUR.
THERE IT IS! NOW WE SHOULD GET SOME ANSWERS.

AND SO, TWENTY MINUTES LATER, ON THE THIRD FLOOR..
GENTLE-MEN AND LADY...IT IS SO GOOD TO MEET YOU!
RACE, THIS IS CHOU SEN PING.
CHOU, RACE BANNON
A PLEASURE, SIR. AND, PLEASE, CALL ME "ERNIE" EVERYONE DOES!
HONG KONG
SURE
YOU SEE, I WENT TO COLLEGE IN SAN DIEGO. IT GAVE ME A COMMAND OF ENGLISH AND MANY FINE BUSINESS CONTACTS
SO, HOW DID YOU BECOME ENEMIES WITH DR. ZIN?
ENEMIES? OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. PERHAPS MY PARTNER CAN EXPLAIN.
RACE BANNON, MAY I INTRODUCE..
IT HAD BEEN HOPED THAT NEW, FRESH AGENTS WOULD AVOID THE MISTAKES OF THE OLD, TIRED ONES...

--DR. NAPOLEON ZIN!
I THINK YOU TWO HAVE A LOT TO DISCUSS.
...A FALSE HOPE, AS IT TURNED OUT.
AND THE CAMERA ALSO! IT COULD BE A BOMB OR AN AIR PISTOL!
SO THIS IS THE AMERICAN? TAKE HIS WEAPON.
HE IS ALONE, MASTER. I MADE SURE OF THAT. THE WOMAN IS A PARASITE AND OF NO MATTER.
EXCELLENT! TAKE THEM TO THE BASEMENT AND...

...IF THE MAN RESISTS, SHOOT THEM BOTH! THEY ARE A HANDSOME COUPLE...
...DEATH WILL LOOK WELL ON THEM! HA!
OOOOF!
HEY!

DEATH LOOKS WELL ON YOU, TOO, JACKAL!
BADDADDADDA
GUARDS! GUARDS!
AIIII!
NO! AOOFF!
SORRY, PAL. BUT THIS IS MINE!
KILL THEM! KILL THEM!
ANY IDEA HOW WE GET OUT OF THIS?
JUST ONE... WATCH!
CRASH



Next Issue

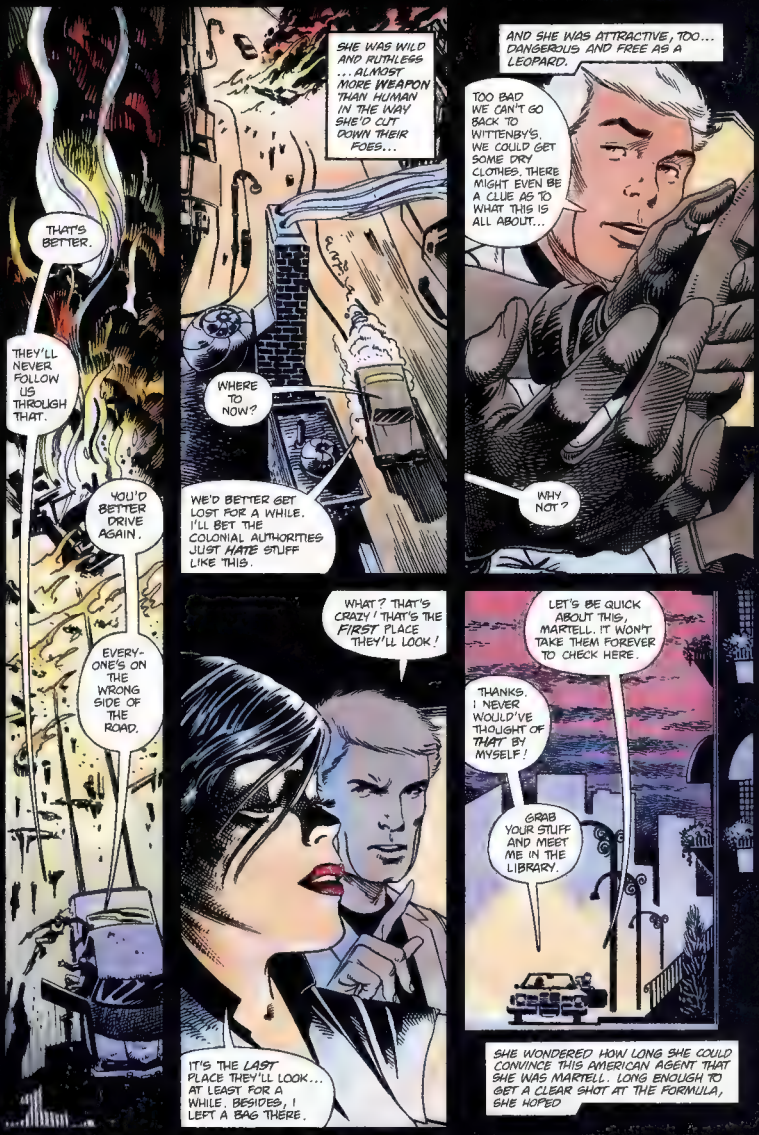
INTO THE MAZE

DO YOU THINK THERE'S A LOT MORE TO READ, HADJI?
I THINK SO, JONNY. THIS BOOK OF RACE'S IS QUITE THICK, AND WE HAVE ONLY GOTTEN TO THE PLACE WHERE HE MET JEZEBEL JADE FOR THE FIRST TIME.
MAYBE WE SHOULD GET MORE TO EAT, THEN.
NO, I THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH FOR A LITTLE WHILE. I WONDER IF RACE WILL EVER DISCOVER WHO SHE REALLY IS...?
YEAH. HE THINKS SHE'S A BLACK-MAILER. THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY!
MY FAVORITE PART IS WHEN THEY'RE TRAPPED, AND JADE SHOOTS OUT THE WINDOW IN THAT BIG SKYSCRAPER AND THEY JUMP OUT. PRETTY WICKED!
YES. IT IS STRANGE TO THINK OF ALL THESE THINGS HAPPENING TO RACE BEFORE WE KNEW HIM.
HOW DO YOU THINK THEY GOT AWAY?
WELL, THERE WAS A LARGE FOUNTAIN IN THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING, REMEMBER? I THINK THEY MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THAT. OTHERWISE...

...THEY'D BE DEAD!
KERSLLAAASSSSCCHHH
WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS
ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM KUBERT
EDITED BY DIANA SCHUTZ
The BONES of GALAHAD
CHAPTER TWO
INTO THE MAZE
HE WONDERED IF HIS WET GUN WOULD JAM, EVEN AS HE HOPED THAT THE UNSTABLE LITTLE MURDERESS NEXT TO HIM WOULDN'T BLOW HIS BRAINS OUT FOR FUN
BRAANG PAW
IT DIDN'T... AND NEITHER DID LILY MARTELL, "WITCH OF THE EAST."
DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY. THEY HAVEN'T GOT OUR RANGE. IF YOU WANT TO WORRY...
...WORRY ABOUT THEM!
MY GOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
I LIKE THE WAY YOUR MIND WORKS. HOLD THEM OFF WHILE I REQUISITION A CAR!
POW POW POW

HURRY UP! THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF US!
GET IN THEN. I'D SAY IT'S TIME TO LEAVE!
LUCKY FOR US SOMEONE LEFT A CAR UNLOCKED... AND WITH THE KEYS YET!
WHAT KEYS? I'VE BEEN CRACKING CRATES LIKE THIS SINCE I WAS TEN!
UH-OH. WE AREN'T HOME FREE YET.
BRRAATT
BRRAATT
HOLD THE WHEEL.
EEP!
SHE KNEW THAT SOMETIMES A FLAMBOYANT ENOUGH ACTION COULD EVEN THE ODDS...

...SOMETIMES.
TRACKING
SPRANGT
AND SHE WAS NEARLY OUT OF AMMO...
BRRAATTT
BBRRAATTT
BRRAATTT
BBRRAATTT
BELOW


THAT'S BETTER.
THEY'LL NEVER FOLLOW US THROUGH THAT.
YOU'D BETTER DRIVE AGAIN.
EVERY-ONE'S ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD.
SHE WAS WILD AND RUTHLESS ... ALMOST MORE WEAPON THAN HUMAN IN THE WAY SHE'D CUT DOWN THEIR FOES...
WHERE TO NOW?
WE'D BETTER GET LOST FOR A WHILE. I'LL BET THE COLONIAL AUTHORITIES JUST HATE STUFF LIKE THIS.
AND SHE WAS ATTRACTIVE, TOO... DANGEROUS AND FREE AS A LEOPARD.
TOO BAD WE CAN'T GO BACK TO WITTENBY'S. WE COULD GET SOME DRY CLOTHES. THERE MIGHT EVEN BE A CLUE AS TO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...
WHY NOT?
WHAT? THAT'S CRAZY! THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK!
IT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK... AT LEAST FOR A WHILE. BESIDES, I LEFT A BAG THERE.
LET'S BE QUICK ABOUT THIS, MARTELL. IT WON'T TAKE THEM FOREVER TO CHECK HERE.
THANKS. I NEVER WOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT BY MYSELF!
GRAB YOUR STUFF AND MEET ME IN THE LIBRARY.
SHE WONDERED HOW LONG SHE COULD CONVINCE THIS AMERICAN AGENT THAT SHE WAS MARTELL. LONG ENOUGH TO GET A CLEAR SHOT AT THE FORMULA, SHE HOPED

"MEET ME IN THE LIBRARY"! HUH! WHO DIED AND MADE HER GENERAL?
I SHOULD'VE SAID THAT!
THE NEXT TIME SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, I'M GOING TO SAY, "LOOK, LADY, I'M A TRAINED AGENT! AND IF ANYONE'S GOING TO RUN THE SHOW HERE, IT'LL BE--"
FWIP
FWIP
FWIP
WHAT?!
WHERE'D HE COME FROM? TOO STRONG... CAN'T HOLD...
UUNNNNHH!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE
HEE
HEE
HE
OOOHHH, MY HEAD! WHAT...?
ONE OF THE BIRDS OF DEATH. BUT WHAT WOULD ONE OF THEM BE DOING HERE? UNLESS...
UNLESS... IT LEFT SOMETHING...
RUN!

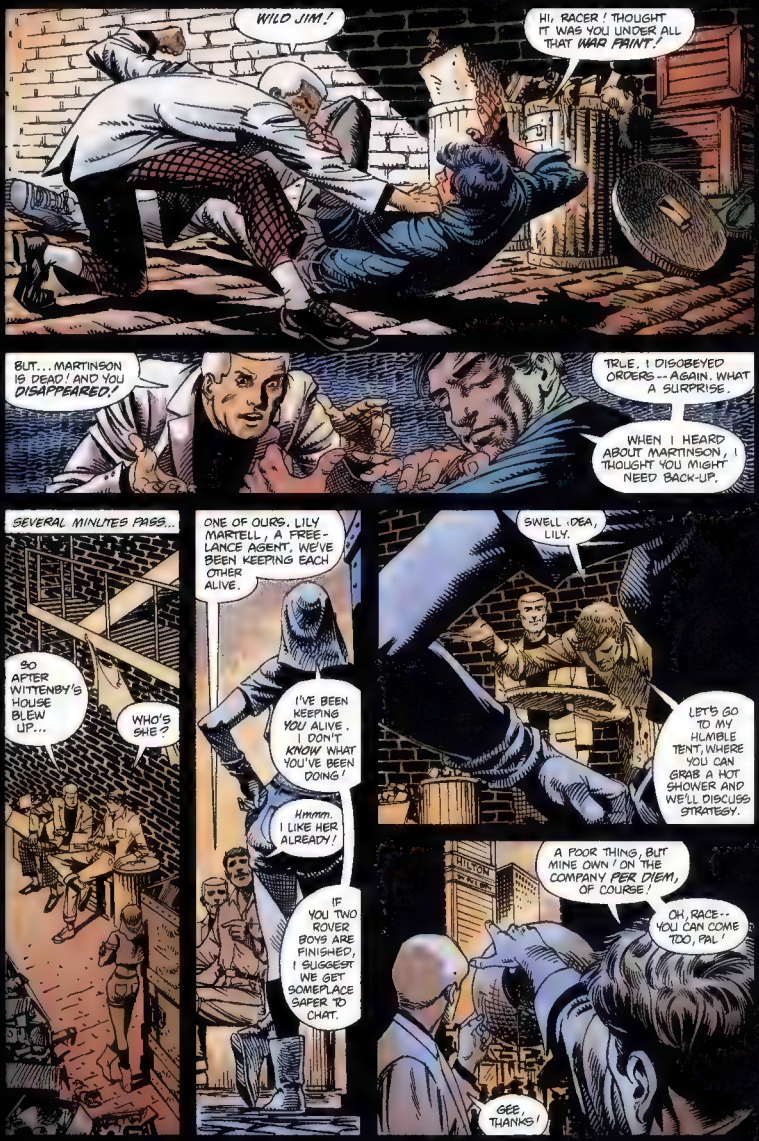
THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP BACK THERE, LADY! I'M PRACTICALLY UNCONSCIOUS AND YOU YELL "RUN," AND TAKE OFF! I COULD BE A TOASTED MARSHMALLOW NOW, FOR ALL YOU CARE!
YOU WOULD'VE BEEN STEAK TARTARE IF I HADN'T SHOT THE BIRD FOR YOU.
YEAH, WELL, WHAT DID YOU CALL THAT THING?
A BIRD OF DEATH. SOME CALL THEM DACOITS OR SOUL ZOMBIES. RUMOR SAYS THAT ZIN HAS THE POWER TO CREATE THEM... BUT I'D NEVER...
OHHH. MY HEAD IS SWIMMING. I KEEP FEELING WORSE AND WORSE.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?
NO. IF I KNEW, I WOULD MAKE IT STOP!
OH.
SOMEWHAT LATER...
JUNKS? WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, MARTELL?
INFORMATION. THAT IS A WHOLE CITY OUT THERE, FILLED WITH GOOD AND EVIL. ONE NEED ONLY ASK THE RIGHT WAY.
AND YOU, OF COURSE, KNOW THE RIGHT WAY TO ASK?
YES. IF THEY DON'T KILL ME.

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ...YOUR POSITIVE ATTITUDE.
JUST WATCH MY BACK.
FROM ALL AROUND THEM CAME MURMURINGS ...IN TONES IMPOSSIBLE TO MISINTERPRET...
THEY ALL SEEM TO LIKE YOU,
«JADE.»
«IT IS JADE.»
«BLESS YOU, LADY JADE.»
«LADY JADE!»
THEY SHOULD. I PAY THEM WELL ENOUGH-- ELSE I'D END UP FLOATING BEHIND ONE OF THESE BOATS.
THE ONLY LOYALTY HONG KONG KNOWS IS MONEY.
«GRANDMOTHER? DO YOU REMEMBER ME? I GAVE YOU GOLD TO KEEP A BOX FOR ME, AGAINST AN EVIL DAY. DO YOU HAVE IT?»
«OF COURSE, I STILL HAVE IT! YOU ARE OUR GREAT PROVIDER. I WOULD NOT STEAL FROM YOU!»
«OF COURSE, YOU WOULDN'T.»
MY MAKE-UP AND DISGUISE KIT. NO ONE WOULD LOOK FOR IT HERE.

THIS WILL MAKE YOU AN AWFULLY TALL CHINESE, BUT THAT CAN'T BE HELPED. AT LEAST YOU WON'T STAND OUT AT FIRST GLANCE.
AND IF WE COULD CAMOUFLAGE THAT HAIR...!
«GRANDMOTHER, WHERE IS YOUR OLDER SON, WEI?»
«HE IS...DEAD --AT LEAST TO HIS FAMILY. HE HAS JOINED THE FORCES OF DR ZIN. I HAVE ONLY LING NOW, BECAUSE--»
"<--WE HAVE HEARD THAT WEI...KILLS PEOPLE.»"
THAT WOMAN...IT WAS HER SON YOU KILLED THIS AFTERNOON, WASN'T IT? I SAW YOU RECOGNIZED HIM.
SHUT UP. IF THAT RUMOR EVER GOT BACK HERE...DON'T YOU EVER KNOW WHEN TO BE QUIET?
SORRY, TEACH. WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
VISITING ONE OF MY CONTACTS. HE IS A MASTER OF FENG SHUI. THAT'S A SORT OF ARCHITECTURAL FORTUNETELLING...
FENG SHUI
I'VE HEARD OF FENG SHUI, MARTELL.
SCRITCH SCRITCH
FENG SHUI (WIND AND WATER): A COMBINATION OF GEOMANCY AND LAND SURVEYING; CONTROLS THE AMOUNT OF GOOD LUCK VS. EVIL SPIRITS GENERATED BY A PARTICULAR BUILDING.
THE LOCATION OF PEKING ITSELF WAS FIXED BY FENG SHUI MASTERS IN THE 13TH CENTURY.
«GREETINGS, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE A QUESTION?»

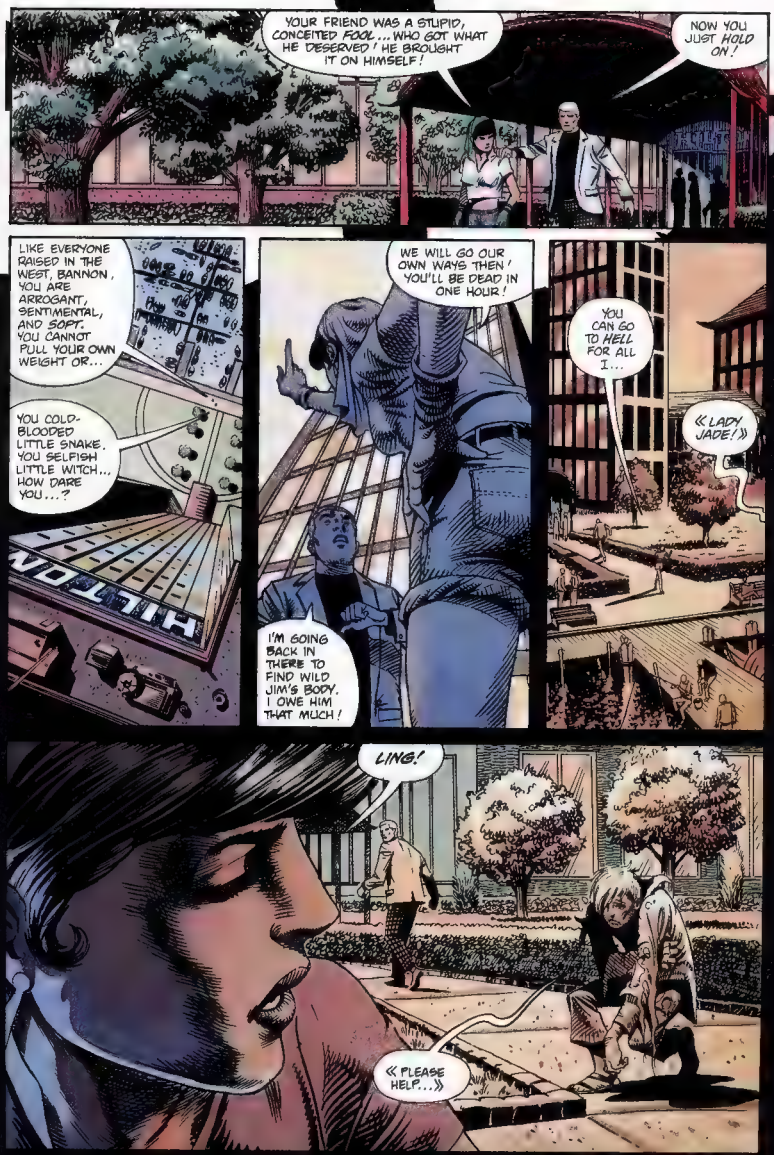
« A SMALL ONE. COULD WE SPEAK ENGLISH FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY FRIEND? HE IS A FOOL. »
OF COURSE. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?
DID YOU DO FENG SHUI FOR THE PING BUILDING? IT WAS RAISED ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO.
AH. THAT ONE. I TRIED... BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT. VERY ODD, THAT ONE
HOW SO?
ONE MUST KNOW EVERY-THING TO JUDGE THE FENG SHUI. BUT THERE WERE PARTS I WAS NOT ALLOWED TO SEE THE TOP THREE FLOORS WERE FORBIDDEN TO ME.
THE FENG SHUI IS USUALLY QUITE STRAIGHTFORWARD,, ONE JUDGES THE ANGLES OF THE BUILDING...
...PERHAPS MOVES A DOORWAY FARTHER FROM AN ESCALATOR TO EQUALIZE THE YIN-YANG...OR MAKES A WALL OUT OF GLASS TO FACIL-ITATE THE MOVE-MENTS OF DRAGON-SPIRITS...
BUT I FELT SOMETHING THERE... A DISTURBANCE IN THE ORDER.
DR. ZIN, THE GANGSTER, REALLY OWNS THE BUILDING. PERHAPS YOU FELT HIS PRESENCE?
NO. IT WAS NOT ZIN... BUT WHO-EVER LURKS BEHIND ZIN.
BE CAREFUL. SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG IN HONG KONG. THEY SAY THE BONES OF GALAHAD ARE HERE.

AND LATER, BACK ON THE STREET...
OKAY, I'LL BITE. WHAT ARE THE BONES OF GALAHAD?
A LEGEND: THE SKELETON OF A CRUSADER, TURNED MAGICALLY TO GOLD AND ENCRUSTED WITH GEMS. IT'S BECOME A METAPHOR FOR ANYTHING SECRET AND VALUABLE.
I'LL BE GLAD TO PICK UP DR. MAXWELL AND HIS FORMULA, AND HEAD FOR HOME.
I'LL HELP YOU PACK...
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
THIS WAY, QUICKLY.
YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED OF BEING DRAGGED AROUND...
WHAT.. WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
WHY, MISS MARTELL ...YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT YOUR SUNGLASSES!
FOOL.
NOW STAY BACK. IF SOMEONE'S COMING, I'M GOING TO SHAKE SOME ANSWERS OUT OF HIM!
OOF!


WILD JIM!
HI, RACER! THOUGHT IT WAS YOU UNDER ALL THAT WAR PAINT.
BUT... MARTINSON IS DEAD! AND YOU DISAPPEARED!
TRUE. I DISOBEYED ORDERS--AGAIN. WHAT A SURPRISE.
WHEN I HEARD ABOUT MARTINSON, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED BACK-UP.
SEVERAL MINUTES PASS...
SO AFTER WITTENBY'S HOUSE BLEW UP...
WHO'S SHE?
ONE OF OURS, LILY MARTELL, A FREE-LANCE AGENT, WE'VE BEEN KEEPING EACH OTHER ALIVE.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING YOU ALIVE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING!
Hmmm. I LIKE HER ALREADY!
IF YOU TWO ROVER BOYS ARE FINISHED, I SUGGEST WE GET SOMEPLACE SAFER TO CHAT.
SWELL IDEA, LILY.
LET'S GO TO MY HUMBLE TENT, WHERE YOU CAN GRAB A HOT SHOWER AND WE'LL DISCUSS STRATEGY.
A POOR THING, BUT MINE OWN! ON THE COMPANY PER DIEM, OF COURSE!
OH, RACE-- YOU CAN COME TOO, PAL!
GEE, THANKS!

AND, IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...
QUITE A PLACE, HUH? YOU SHOULD SEE THE VIEW FROM MY WINDOW...ALL THOSE LITTLE JUNKS IN THE HARBOR ARE AS PRETTY AS A POST-CARD.
AND THAT IS ALL WE ARE TO YOU---CARD-BOARD CUT-OUTS!
HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO TALK TO JIMMY?
OUR BELOVED BOSS-MAN SAYS NO WORD ON THE DOCTOR OR THE FORMULA.
'COURSE, I HAVEN'T REPORTED IN SINCE I WENT AWOL.
BOY, I COULD GET USED TO A PLACE LIKE THIS!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL. I SIGNED YOUR NAME ON THE REGISTER!
I DON'T NEED IT ON MY EXPENSE ACCOUNT.
"I SIGNED YOUR NAME..."
DON'T TOUCH THAT LOCK!
WHAT NOW--?
JIM!

WILD JIM! WAKE UP, PAL! WAKE UP!
IT'S A TRAP! RUN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD! RUN!
I CAN'T LEAVE HIM!
BLANG BLANG
STAIRS
THEY BURST INTO THE CROWDED LOBBY BUT...
THE BIRDS OF DEATH.. THEY'VE VANISHED!
THEY DARE NOT SHOW THEMSELVES IN PUBLIC! WE'VE WON!
WON? YOU MADE ME LEAVE MY BEST FRIEND BACK THERE TO DIE!
IF YOU BELIEVE THAT...
OF COURSE YOU DO.


YOUR FRIEND WAS A STUPID, CONCEITED FOOL... WHO GOT WHAT HE DESERVED! HE BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF!
NOW YOU JUST HOLD ON!
LIKE EVERYONE RAISED IN THE WEST, BANNON, YOU ARE ARROGANT, SENTIMENTAL, AND SOFT. YOU CANNOT PULL YOUR OWN WEIGHT OR...
YOU COLD-BLOODED LITTLE SNAKE. YOU SELFISH LITTLE WITCH... HOW DARE YOU...?
WE WILL GO OUR OWN WAYS THEN! YOU'LL BE DEAD IN ONE HOUR!
I'M GOING BACK IN THERE TO FIND WILD JIM'S BODY. I OWE HIM THAT MUCH!
YOU CAN GO TO HELL FOR ALL I...
«LADY JADE!»
LING!
«PLEASE HELP...»

« THEY CAME... LOOKING FOR YOU... THEY WANTED TO KNOW...»
« THEY...TORTURED US ONE AT...A TIME... SET THE...BOAT...ON FIRE... WE DID NOT...TELL WHERE ...YOU HID...THE BOX... WE WERE PROUD...»
GET A DOCTOR... PLEASE GET... SOME-ONE..
I DON'T THINK HE NEEDS ONE, KID.
MY GOD... THEY ALL DIED...PROTECTING MY STUPID MAKE-UP CASE...
ZIN *DIES* FOR THIS... IF I HAVE TO RIP OUT HIS THROAT WITH MY OWN HANDS...

SOMEWHAT LATER, AT AN OVERGROWN ALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY...
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I NEED TO REST.
THERE IS ONE MAN IN HONG KONG I CAN TRUST.
I FEEL... TERRIBLE...
IF THIS WERE A PULP NOVEL, NOW IS WHEN I WOULD FAINT INTO YOUR BIG, STRONG, HAIRY ARMS...
..BUT THIS IS REAL LIFE, AND I AM STRONGER THAN THAT.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE, MARTELL? THESE STAIRS KEEP GOING DOWN AND DOWN...
WE SHOULD GO QUICKLY. ZIN'S MEN WILL BE RIPPING HONG KONG APART LOOKING FOR US.
PARTS OF HONG KONG ARE BUILT ON THE RUINS OF AN OLDER CITY.
WHY DO I KEEP GETTING WET WHENEVER I'M AROUND YOU?

THE RUINS TWISTED AWAY IN EVERY DIRECTION. HE KNEW HE WOULD NEVER FIND HIS WAY ALONE...
THIS MAN ONCE BELONGED TO A... CERTAIN CRIME FAMILY. HE STOLE MONEY, A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY. NOW THE ONLY PLACE ON EARTH HE IS SAFE IS HONG KONG.
THE APARTMENT WAS SMALL, BUT EXPENSIVE AND ELEGANT AS A JEWEL BOX, AND, LIKE A JEWEL BOX, TOTALLY WITHOUT WINDOWS OR DOORS.
MY GOD.
IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T IT? WE'RE ON STREET LEVEL NOW, BUT THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT IS BELOW... AN APPROPRIATE HOME FOR THE GREATEST FENCE IN HONG KONG.
AH. WELCOME, FRIENDS.
WELCOME TO THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD.
NOT FUNNY, JULES...
PLEASE...MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE...
I ASSUME THE YOUNG MAN IS TRUSTWORTHY?
HE'S A SORT OF COP...BUT HE'S NOT AFTER YOU... AFTER ZIN... JUST HAVE TO REST... FOR A .
THEN I WILL HAVE TO TRUST YOU. HER JUDGMENT IS USUALLY EXCELLENT.
HOW LONG HAS SHE BEEN LIKE THIS?
ALL DAY, BUT IT GETS WORSE WHEN SHE EXERTS HERSELF.

Hmmm.. REBOUND TOXICITY. NASTY POISON..., KILLS OVER A FEW DAYS WITH NO TRACE.
WONDER WHOM SHE TANGLED WITH...?
DO YOU HAVE AN ANTIDOTE FOR IT?
SHOULD HOPE SO, OLD BOY. I SELL THE BLOODY STUFF.
YOU DO KNOW WHO SHE IS, DON'T YOU?
SHE SAYS SHE'S LILY MARTELL.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. SHE'S JEZEBEL JADE-- LOCALLY FAMOUS AS A CAT BURGLAR...AND OTHER NASTY THINGS.
REALLY? WHAT A SURPRISE.
YOU KNEW?
I GUESSED. SINCE JEZEBEL JADE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD AND LILY MARTELL WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ALIVE... AND SINCE SHE WASN'T MARTELL...
VERY GOOD. VERY CLEVER.
I DON'T MEAN TO BE CRASS, BUT YOU COULD MAKE QUITE A LOT OF MONEY OUT OF THIS.. SITUATION

HOW?
SHE HAS ENEMIES... POWERFUL ENEMIES IN THIS CITY. THEY WOULD CHEERFULLY PAY TO GET THEIR HANDS ON HER.
OR, IF YOU PREFER THE LEGAL SIDE, THERE ARE SEVERAL OUT-STANDING WARRANTS ON HER... THE REWARDS WOULD BE VERY PLEASANT ...AND ...A BOON TO YOUR CAREER
SHE DOESN'T THINK I KNOW, BUT SHE WEARS A MONEY-BELT.. NO DOUBT IT CONTAINS THE LATE MARTELL'S CASH AND JEWELS... A TIDY SUM...
AND THEN, IN CERTAIN QUARTERS OF THE CITY...WELL, SHE IS A HANDSOME, YOUNG WOMAN...
IN SHORT, WE COULD BE PARTNERS ...WITH MY CONTACTS, THE THING IS VERY EASILY ARRANGED.
YOU SEE, ONE CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MUCH MONEY.
YOU ARE SMILING. WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

JUST THINKING... I WONDER WHAT HER LIFE'S LIKE IF A THING LIKE YOU IS THE ONLY ONE SHE CAN TRUST...
AH, WOUNDED TO THE QUICK...
...JADE WOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING LESS FROM ME, OLD BOY. SHE KNOWS THE SCORE.
AND SHE LIED TO YOU.
YEAH, I KNOW.
I GUESS I THINK THAT EVERYONE, ONCE IN THEIR LIFE, DESERVES SOME-ONE WHO WON'T LET THEM DOWN.
WHOEVER SHE IS... WHATEVER SHE'S DONE ...SHE'S BEEN MY PARTNER TODAY.
BESIDES, I DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT.
AH, DEAR BOY, BUT I DO. AND WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM JUST TAKING WHAT I WANT?
YOU COULD TRY.
AH, CHECKMATE!

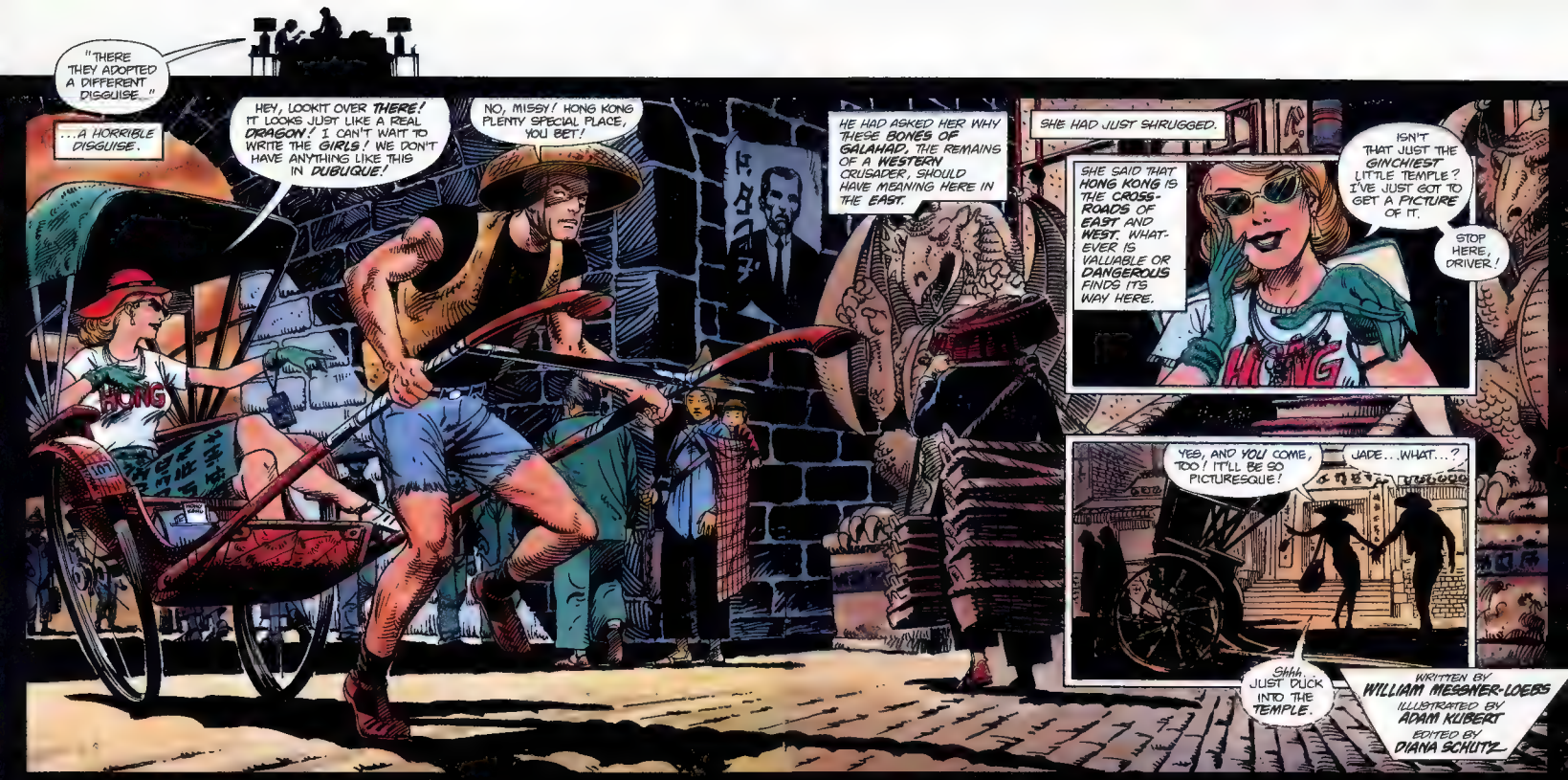
HERE. THIS SHOULD COUNTER THE POISON. SHE MAY NEED ANOTHER SHOT IN THE MORNING.
SHE IS GOING TO FEEL TERRIBLE WHEN SHE WAKES UP.
SLEEP TIGHT. I PROBABLY WON'T FLOOD THIS ROOM WITH GAS AND HAND YOU TWO OVER TO ZIN.
PLEASANT DREAMS.
TIK TIK
OUSSCHHH...
PRET!.. NICE... LI'L SCENE...
WASN' ABLE... T'STAY 'WAKE F'ALL... OF IT... DI' YOU DECIDE... T'SELL ME...?

NO.
GOOD... JULES RILLY... ISS A RAT... A BIG... FAT, GLOSSY... RAT...
'COURSE... I PROB'LY... WOULD'VE DONE IT, TOO...
BUT YOU... WOULDN'T... THASS INTER'SSING...
HOW'D.. YOU KNOW... I WASN' MARTELL?
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A GLASS EYE...
BUT IN THE ALLEY... BOTH YOUR PUPILS DILATED...
VERY... DEDUCTIVE... AN' LUCKY... YOU STILL HAD YOUR GUN..
YEAH, TOO BAD IT'S EMPTY.
HA-HA! EMPTY! YOU FACED DOWN... JULES DECATER... WI' AN EMPTY GUN?

HA-HA!
HMMM... THAT... WAS INTER'ESSING, TOO...
MAYBE... WAKE ME UP... WHEN I DON' FEEL... LIKE GARBAGE... AN' WE'LL DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THAT... MAYBE...

TO BE CONCLUDED!

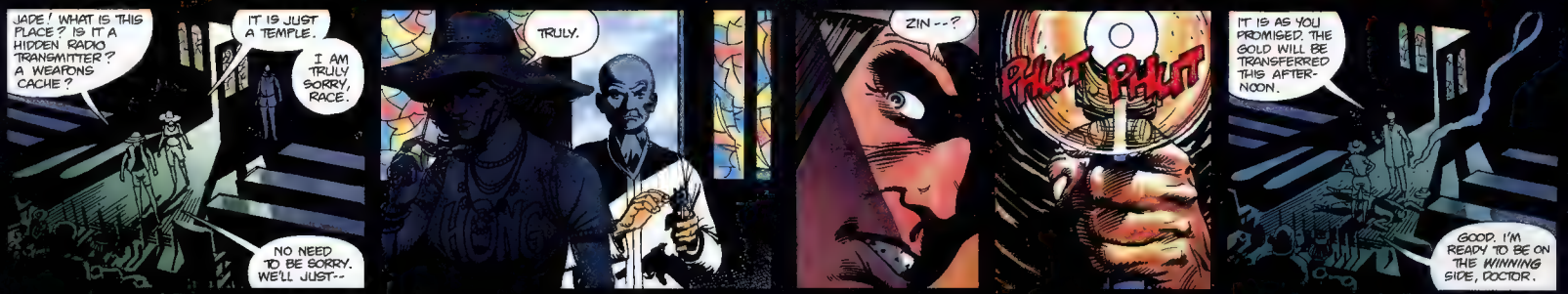
NOT NOW, BANDIT...
...WE WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JADE AND RACE.
YES. THEY ARE HIDDEN IN THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CITY, AND DR. ZIN AND THE "BIRDS OF DEATH" ARE SEARCHING HONG KONG FOR THEM!
RACE IS LOOKING FOR THE IMMORTALITY SERUM, BUT JADE TOLD HIM THAT EVERYBODY ELSE IS LOOKING FOR AN OLD RELIC CALLED THE BONES OF GALAHAD.
IT SURE IS CONFUSING.
YES. MAYBE THIS WILL EXPLAIN IT. LISTEN...
"THE NEXT MORNING, THEY LEFT THE CATACOMBS BENEATH THE CITY, AND SLOSHING THROUGH AGELESS, FETID WATER, EMERGED IN A DIFFERENT SECTION OF HONG KONG."


"THERE THEY ADOPTED A DIFFERENT DISGUISE."
...A HORRIBLE DISGUISE.
HEY, LOOKIT OVER THERE! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A REAL DRAGON! I CAN'T WAIT TO WRITE THE GIRLS! WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THIS IN DUBUQUE!
NO, MISSY! HONG KONG PLENTY SPECIAL PLACE, YOU BET!
HE HAD ASKED HER WHY THESE BONES OF GALAHAD, THE REMAINS OF A WESTERN CRUSADER, SHOULD HAVE MEANING HERE IN THE EAST.
SHE HAD JUST SHRUGGED.
SHE SAID THAT HONG KONG IS THE CROSS-ROADS OF EAST AND WEST. WHATEVER IS VALUABLE OR DANGEROUS FINDS ITS WAY HERE.
ISN'T THAT JUST THE GINCHIEST LITTLE TEMPLE? I'VE JUST GOT TO GET A PICTURE OF IT.
STOP HERE, DRIVER!
YES, AND YOU COME, TOO! IT'LL BE SO PICTURESQUE!
JADE...WHAT...?
SHHH. JUST DUCK INTO THE TEMPLE.
WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS
ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM KUBERT
EDITED BY DIANA SCHUTZ

The BONES of GALAHAD

CHAPTER THREE

THE SPEECH OF BONES

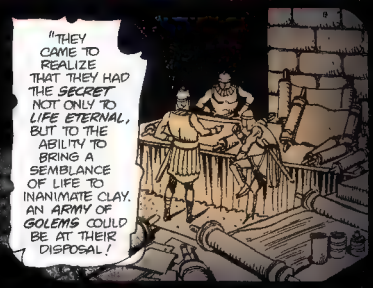

JADE! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IS IT A HIDDEN RADIO TRANSMITTER? A WEAPONS CACHE?
IT IS JUST A TEMPLE.
I AM TRULY SORRY, RACE.
NO NEED TO BE SORRY. WE'LL JUST--
TRULY.
ZIN--?
PHUT PHUT
IT IS AS YOU PROMISED. THE GOLD WILL BE TRANSFERRED THIS AFTERNOON.
GOOD. I'M READY TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE, DOCTOR.

PAIN... CHEST HURT... HEAD HURT... SHOULD BE DEAD... MUST'VE BEEN SHOT WITH DOPE DARTS...
CARRIED FOR... A LONG TIME... IN SILENCE... HORRIBLE WEAKNESS...
NAUSEA... HEAD FULL OF PAIN... LEGS... ARMS... DON'T WORK...
MADNESS.
GOOD DAY, MR. BANNON. THE PARALYSIS WILL SLOWLY ABATE, ALTHOUGH FOR YOU THAT IS A COLD COMFORT, I FEAR. YOU ARE A DEAD MAN.
IT IS GOOD TO MEET YOU ANYWAY.

SO...YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS, EH?
I AM THE CAUSE OF EVERYTHING, M'SIEU'.
PLEASE SIT.
LET ME TELL YOU A STORY, M'SIEU'... BANNON--CORRECT? BOY.
THERE WERE THREE FRIENDS...SOLDIERS ...SERVANTS OF THE KING OF FRANCE.
"IT WAS DURING THE FIRST--NON, NON--SECOND CRUSADE... BUT THESE MEN WERE ONLY MARGINALLY INTERESTED IN SLAUGHTERING THE HEATHEN TURKS...
"...THEY HAD HEARD OF A JEWISH ALCHEMIST WHO HAD DISCOVERED THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. THEY PLANNED TO USE IT TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNE.
"UNFORTUNATELY, THE SORCERER ALSO HAD WAYS OF PROTECTING HIMSELF. GOLEMS, MADE OF CLAY, SPRUNG UP AT EVERY TURN.
"AT LAST, HOWEVER, A CIVILIZED DISCUSSION OF DIFFERENCES COULD BEGIN."

HE PROVED STUBBORN, AND SO THE SOLDIERS WERE FORCED TO WRING THE TRUTH FROM HIM OVER SEVERAL HOURS.

"TOWARDS THE END, HE WAS MOST EAGER TO SHARE HIS SECRETS.


"THEY CAME TO REALIZE THAT THEY HAD THE SECRET NOT ONLY TO LIFE ETERNAL, BUT TO THE ABILITY TO BRING A SEMBLANCE OF LIFE TO INANIMATE CLAY. AN ARMY OF GOLEMS COULD BE AT THEIR DISPOSAL!

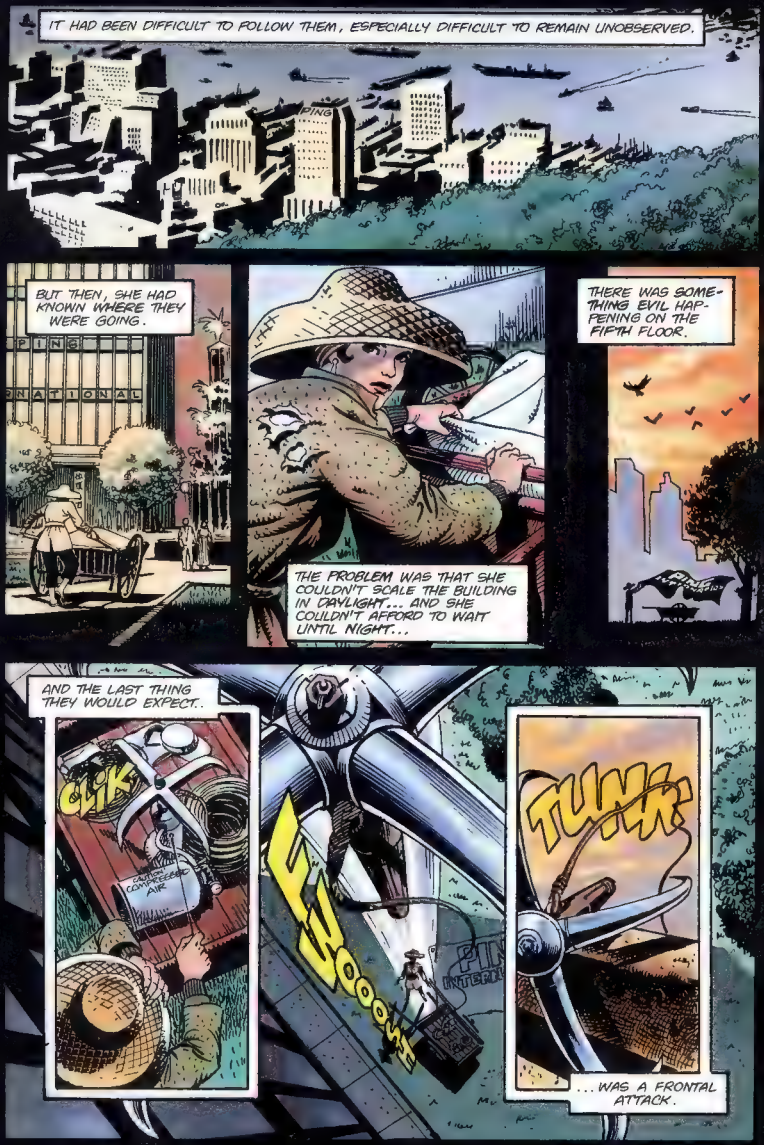
"THIS LAST WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE SORCERER, WHO HUNG HIMSELF IN THE ROOM WHERE HE HAD BEEN LOCKED.

"THE THREE FRIENDS CELEBRATED THIS EVENT BY DOWNING THE FLUID THAT WOULD MAKE THEM IMMORTAL.

"HOWEVER, ONE OF THE FRIENDS HAD REALIZED THAT SUCH POTENTIAL WOULD BE DILUTED WERE IT SHARED..

"HE RACED INTO THE NIGHT, CARRYING WITH HIM THE SECRETS OF THE AGES, MERE HOURS AHEAD OF THE COUNTER-ATTACKING TURKS..."

LET ME GUESS.. THOSE SECRETS WERE PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, HAND TO HAND, UNTIL THEY REACHED YOU. AND YOU'RE GOING TO USE THEM TO RULE THE WORLD.
ASSUMING ANYONE BELIEVES YOU!
ETERNAL LIFE!
OH, BROTHER!
PERHAPS. BUT I AM VERY PERSUASIVE. YOU SEE, MR. BANNON...
...I AM THE BONES OF GALAHAD!
FOR YEARS I 'AVE STAYED IN THE SHADOWS, TENDED BY MY ARMY OF UNDEAD, MY "BIRDS OF DEATH." I 'AVE KEPT POWER BY PLAYING EAST AGAINST WEST, RUSSIANS AGAINST CHINESE.
I 'AVE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT ALL THE CRUSADES COULD NEVER DO... I 'AVE CONQUERED THE EAST, AND SOON THE WORLD WILL GROPE IN MY SHADOW!
Z'IN IS BUT ANOTHER OF MY PUPPETS, MOUTHING MY WORDS!
BUT AT LAS' MY SERUM OF IMMORTALITY IS ALMOST GONE. I WANE...MY BODY BENDS. I FEAR.
THEN I 'EAR THAT A NEW SERUM HAS BEEN DEVELOPED ...ONE WITH WHICH I CAN LIVE FOREVER!
YOU AMERICANS WILL STAY 'ERE, AS PART OF MY ARMY OF UNDEAD... PRODUCING SERUM FOR ME THROUGHOUT THE AGES.
YOU ARE ALONE. NO ONE CAN SAVE YOU!


IT HAD BEEN DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW THEM, ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT TO REMAIN UNOBSERVED.
PING
NATIONAL
BUT THEN, SHE HAD KNOWN WHERE THEY WERE GOING.
THE PROBLEM WAS THAT SHE COULDN'T SCALE THE BUILDING IN DAYLIGHT... AND SHE COULDN'T AFFORD TO WAIT UNTIL NIGHT...
THERE WAS SOMETHING EVIL HAPPENING ON THE FIFTH FLOOR.
AND THE LAST THING THEY WOULD EXPECT.
CLICK
WHOOSH
COMPRESSED AIR
FSSOOOSH
TUNK
...WAS A FRONTAL ATTACK.

SINCE SHE COULD NOT BE HIDDEN, SHE MUST MAKE HERSELF MORE OBVIOUS.
EVERY-ONE LIKES A FLAG.
FLAGS...
..GO...
...UP...
PING
NO ONE NOTICES
SHE LEFT THE FLAG FLYING. NO ONE WOULD BOTHER WITH IT, AND SHE MIGHT NEED THE ROPE LATER.
THERE HAD TO BE A WAY INTO THE BUILDING FROM HERE.

NOT FAR AWAY...
OOF!
PROFESSOR MAXWELL! I WAS SENT TO FIND YOU!
I ASSUME YOU'VE MET OUR HOST?
YEAH, RIGHT. HE'S LOONY AS A JAYBIRD! HE THINKS HE'S A CRUSADER FROM THE 12TH CENTURY!
OHHH! MY HEAD!
ANOTHER CORPSE! WELCOME TO THE GRAVE-YARD!
TRY AND RELAX. AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS.
NO CONCUSSION. THE PAIN SHOULD FADE ON ITS OWN. THEY'VE DEVELOPED SOME REMARKABLE DRUGS.
I SHOULD KNOW. THEY'VE USED A CABINET-FULL ON ME, TRYING TO GET MY SECRET.
DID THEY GET IT?
HEEHEEHEEEEHEEE! DID THEY! OH, THEY GOT IT, ALL RIGHT! HEE HEEE HEEEE!

Shhhh! WE MUST BE VERY, VERY QUIET! THERE ARE EARS EVERYWHERE!
I TOLD THEM AND I TOLD THEM AND I TOLD THEM! BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME!
THERE IS NO SECRET! NONE!
WHAT?! BUT I SAW THE RATS MYSELF!
THERE WERE... PRESSURES FOR ME TO SHOW RESULTS. MONEY WAS...TIGHT. I THOUGHT IF I COULD BUY MYSELF A LITTLE MORE TIME...
I SWEETENED MY FINDINGS... EXCHANGED YOUNGER RATS FOR OLDER ONES...BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME...!
MY SERUM WOULDN'T HAVE DONE WHAT THEY WANTED, ANYWAY. THIS GALAHAD CHARACTER WANTS A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. ALL I WAS TRYING TO DO WAS RETARD THE AGING PROCESS.
IF HE--
TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT? THAT CONFOUNDED TAPPING! IT'S BEEN GOING ON ALL DAY!
IT MUST BE A TRAP!
TIC
TIC-TIC
TI-TI-TIC
TIC-TIC
IT'S MORSE, I THINK. B-O-R...
CLICK!

AH, MR BANNON. BUSY, AS USUAL. WILL YOU COME WITH ME, PLEASE?
THAT'S RIGHT. TIRED. NEED MY BEAUTY SLEEP. HEEHEE.
THE PROFESSOR WOULD PROBABLY LIKE TO STAY HERE AND REST, NO?
IS THIS ANOTHER HAPPY CHAT WITH HE-WHO-MUST-BE-OBEYED?
NO. THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN US. THERE ARE A COUPLE OF INTERESTING CHAPS WAITING IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM.
WE HAVE REPAIRED IT SINCE YOUR LAST... UM, HASTY EXIT.
AH, MR. BANNON.
WE HAVE A SMALL PROBLEM. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US.
BOTH THE RUSSIANS AND THE MAINLAND CHINESE ARE PRESSING IN. THEY ARE WILLING TO PAY HUGE AMOUNTS FOR DR MAXWELL'S SERUM -- ENOUGH TO GET US AWAY FROM THE TALONS OF OUR MASTER!
BUT HE WON'T LISTEN!
WE'D BE WILLING TO OFFER YOU DAMNED NEAR ANYTHING! MONEY, POWER, WOMEN..
SO YOU WANT ME TO GET IT OUT OF HIM? WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO USE..? THUMB-SCREWS? A WHIP?
WHATEVER IT TAKES.

HAHAHAHA
THE FOOL! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD TURN HIS STUBBORN CARCASS OVER TO THE RUSSIANS!
LET HIM BROOD ON HIS POSITION HERE. HE'LL COME AROUND.
THE RUSSIANS?
DIDN'T I MENTION THAT? THE RUSSIANS HEARD ABOUT YOUR CAPTURE. ONE OF THEIR COLONELS IS ON HIS WAY OVER HERE.
IT SEEMS THEY WANT A U.S. AGENT... TO TORTURE AND PICK HIS BRAIN.
AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RUSSIAN VACATION. WHAT A COINCIDENCE!
MR BANNON..
...YOU ARE A BRAVE AND STUPID MAN.

MY HAND... HE SLIPPED SOMETHING INTO MY HAND.

WELL, WE CAN JOLLY WELL *MAKE* BOTH OF THEM TALK!

DON'T BE A FOOL!

CONSIDER, MR. BANNON. YOU HAVE SEEN OUR "MASTER"... EACH DAY HE IS MORE... *PECULIAR*. THE BIRDS OF DEATH ARE BECOMING DIFFICULT TO CONTROL. WE ARE DESPERATE MEN.

MAXWELL IS OBVIOUSLY *IMMUNE* TO TRUTH SERUM. DOUBTLESS BANNON HAS BEEN CONDITIONED AGAINST IT, TOO! WE'LL *DESTROY* HIS MIND TO NO PROFIT!

CONSIDER WELL.

YOU'RE BACK.

WHAT DID THEY *SAY*? DID THEY TALK ABOUT ME?

YOUR NAME CAME UP.

WHAT'S THAT?

Room 428

I'M NOT SURE. PING SLIPPED IT TO ME.

TIC
TIC TIC
TI-TIC
TIC TIC
TI-TI-TIC

THAT TAPPING! IT STARTED JUST AFTER YOU LEFT!

LET'S SEE IF I CAN *DECODE* IT...

B-O-R-N-T-O-D-A-N-C-E...

WHAT?

ONLY *ONE* GUY I KNOW WOULD SEND THAT MESSAGE...

THEY'RE TRYING TO DRIVE ME *CRAZY!*

AND NOW FROM THE FRONT CORRIDOR, TOO!

TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC

WE'RE POPULAR!

THERE'S NO PATTERN...

...ALMOST AS IF SOMEONE WERE...

...PICKING THE LOCK.

THE USUAL *GRACE UNDER PRESSURE.*

YOU! I THOUGHT YOU'D SOLD ME OUT!
JULES WAS READY TO SELL US BOTH OUT! I BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH AND GOT YOU INSIDE, TOO!
THE SIMPLE PLANS ARE THE BEST!
SIMPLE?! THEY COULD'VE JUST DECIDED TO PUT A BULLET IN MY HEAD!
I WAS WILLING TO TAKE THAT CHANCE
AND THIS SPECIMEN MUST BE YOUR MAD SCIENTIST. SO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
JUST OPEN THIS DOOR.
SINCE YOU ASK SO NICELY...
CHARM IS MY MIDDLE NAME.
'BOUT TIME, KIDDIES.
WILD JIM! I KNEW IT HAD TO BE YOU!
I KNEW YOU WERE TOO MEAN TO DIE!
I ASSUME THIS MEANS I CAN SHED THE TERRIBLE GUILT I'VE BEEN CARRYING OVER YOUR DEATH?

ANY IDEA WHERE WE CAN GO TO GET OUT OF THIS FISH FRY!?
MAYBE. IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE BAD GUYS IS GETTING READY TO CHANGE SIDES.
GET BACK! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
TWO OF THE "BIRDS OF DEATH"...
...AND THEY'RE FIGHTING EACH OTHER!
GRAK

HAHAHA!!
IT'S LILY MARTELL! THE WITCH OF THE EAST! BUT I SAW HER DIE!
IT'S THE SERUM! HE CLAIMED HE COULD REANIMATE THE DEAD!
"HE"? HE WHO?
HAHAHAH

NOW, THIS IS MY SHOW. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WHAT...SO YOU HIT IT HIGH AND I'LL HIT IT LOW.
I LIVE TO OBEY, MASTER.
428
CRASH
WHA--?!
YOU IDIOTS!
DO YOU WANT TO BRING THE WHOLE COMPLEX DOWN ON US? YOUR GOVERNMENT OFFERED ME PROTECTION! INSTEAD, I AM TIED TO BUNGLERS!
WAIT A SECOND! YOU'RE AN AGENT?
OUR AGENT?
OF COURSE. I HAVE BEEN PAID FOR MONTHS TO PENETRATE ZIN'S OPERATION! BUT THINGS ARE COMING TO PIECES! I DON'T THINK MY MESSAGES ARE GETTING OUT!
ZIN'S A DANGEROUS MAN! AND IF WE DON'T GET OUT BEFORE THE RUSSIANS GET HERE...
PING
BLAAAM
I'LL PASS THAT SENTIMENT ALONG, TRAITOR!
DAMN! I DON'T THINK I KILLED HIM.

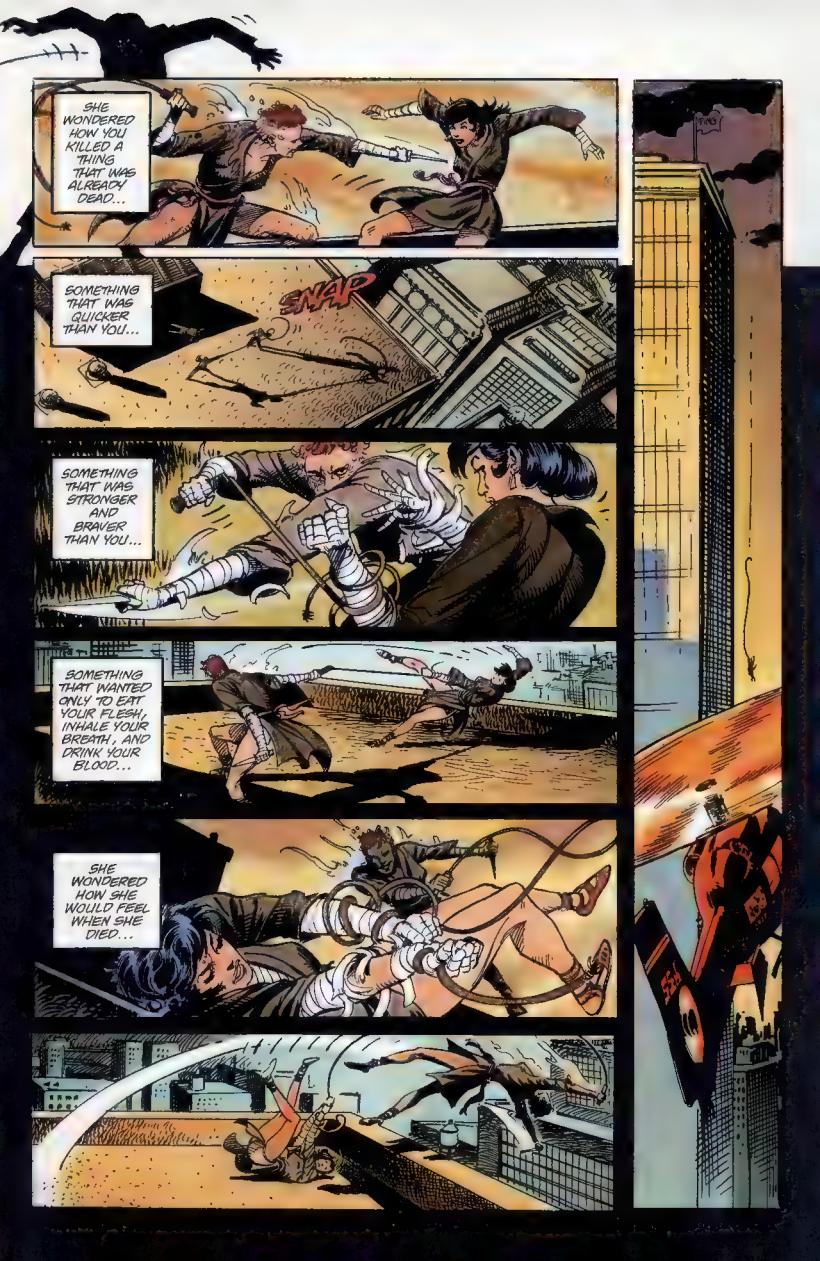
HE NEEDS A COUPLE BETWEEN HIS SNEAKING EYES...
I'D NOT TALK ABOUT SNEAKING, COMRADE FILTH!
THUNK
UUUHH!
NOW, COMRADES, I...
WAIT A SECOND...
NO! NO! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT, BUT YOU WON'T TAKE US TO MOSCOW, YOU STALINIST STOOGE! TOO MUCH! TOO MUCH!
HEY--
--WAIT...
WHUK
BOSS-MAN!
THE CHIEF OF CHIEFS! WHY, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WITHOUT YOUR MUSTACHE!
I LOVE IT! ARE YOU GUYS ALWAYS THIS ORGANIZED?

JADE, YOU'VE NO SOUL! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE A MAD, NOBLE GESTURE? HE'S COME TO SAVE US!
PING
MAYBE, SOMEBODY HAD TO GET IN HERE ONCE PING STOPPED RECEIVING US.
HIS LAST MESSAGE SAID CANNON HAD BEEN CAPTURED.
IT DIDN'T HAVE TO BE YOU.
IT'S FUN TO PLAY DRESS-UP.
I'VE GOT AN ASSAULT TEAM LANDING ON THE ROOF OF THIS PLACE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES... IF WE CAN GET TO THE ROOF...
WITH THIS CREW? ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU WOULDN'T GET TEN FEET!
THE BODY COUNT IS GOING UP.
BUT IF THERE WERE A DISTRACTION...
YOU MEAN...?
WE ALL KNOW HOW CHARMING I LOOK IN BLACK!
"SO THEY AGREED, RACE AND JADE WOULD LEAD PURSUIT AWAY... THE REST WOULD BREAK FOR THE ROOF. THEY WOULD RENDEZVOUS AT THE COPTER..."
AND NONE OF THIS "IF YOU'RE NOT THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES, WE HAVE TO ASSUME YOU'RE DEAD"!
YOU WAIT FOR US! THIS ISN'T MY DAY TO DIE!

WHERE ARE WE HEADED?
TO VISIT "THE BONES OF GALAHAD"! THAT'S THE LAST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK!
BESIDES, CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER DISTRACTION THAN KIDNAPPING THE HEAD MAN?
YOU CAN FIND THIS "BIG, DARK ROOM" AGAIN, CAN'T YOU?
KID, I'M A PROFESSIONAL AGENT! I WAS THERE. I KEPT MY EYES OPEN. MY TRAINED TRACKER'S INSTINCT RECORDED EVERY TWIST OF THE TRAIL!
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "NO."
THERE YOU GO-- ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF THE TRAINED MIND!
ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF LUCK OVER EXPERIENCE!
ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN! STAY STILL AND YOU WON'T DIE!
YOU HAD ZIN KILL MY FRIENDS! SO I MEAN TO CRUSH THIS ANTHILL OF YOURS AND FEED YOU TO THE AMERICANS.
AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME.
SO, FIRST, CALL OFF THE BIRDS OF DEATH... THEN HAND OVER THE PRIVATE DOCUMENTS YOU STOLE... YOU'RE OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE...

HE'S DEAD.
NOT POISONED. I THINK HE WAS JUST A REALLY OLD MAN... AND HE DIED
THIS IS GOING TO BE BAD, ISN'T IT?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO SAVE OUR LIVES! THESE ARE ALL EMPTY, BUT IF I FILL ONE...
SO, ZIN, YOU HAVE COME!
IT'S HIM!
SOME KIND OF HOLO-PROJECTION!
YOU ALWAYS WISHED TO KILL ME, TO STEAL MY SECRETS! LITTLE DID YOU SUSPECT THAT I CAN STRIKE YOU FROM THE GRAVE!
MY DEATH HAS SENT CERTAIN SIGNALS... MY BIRDS OF DEATH WILL GO INSANE, THEN TURN TO DUST... AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS BUILDING THERE IS A BOMB...
WHEN THAT BOMB GOES OFF, HONG KONG DIES WITH ME! YOU HAVE TWENTY MINUTES TO FIND IT.
AND HERE IS A SMALL SAMPLE...
KABOOM

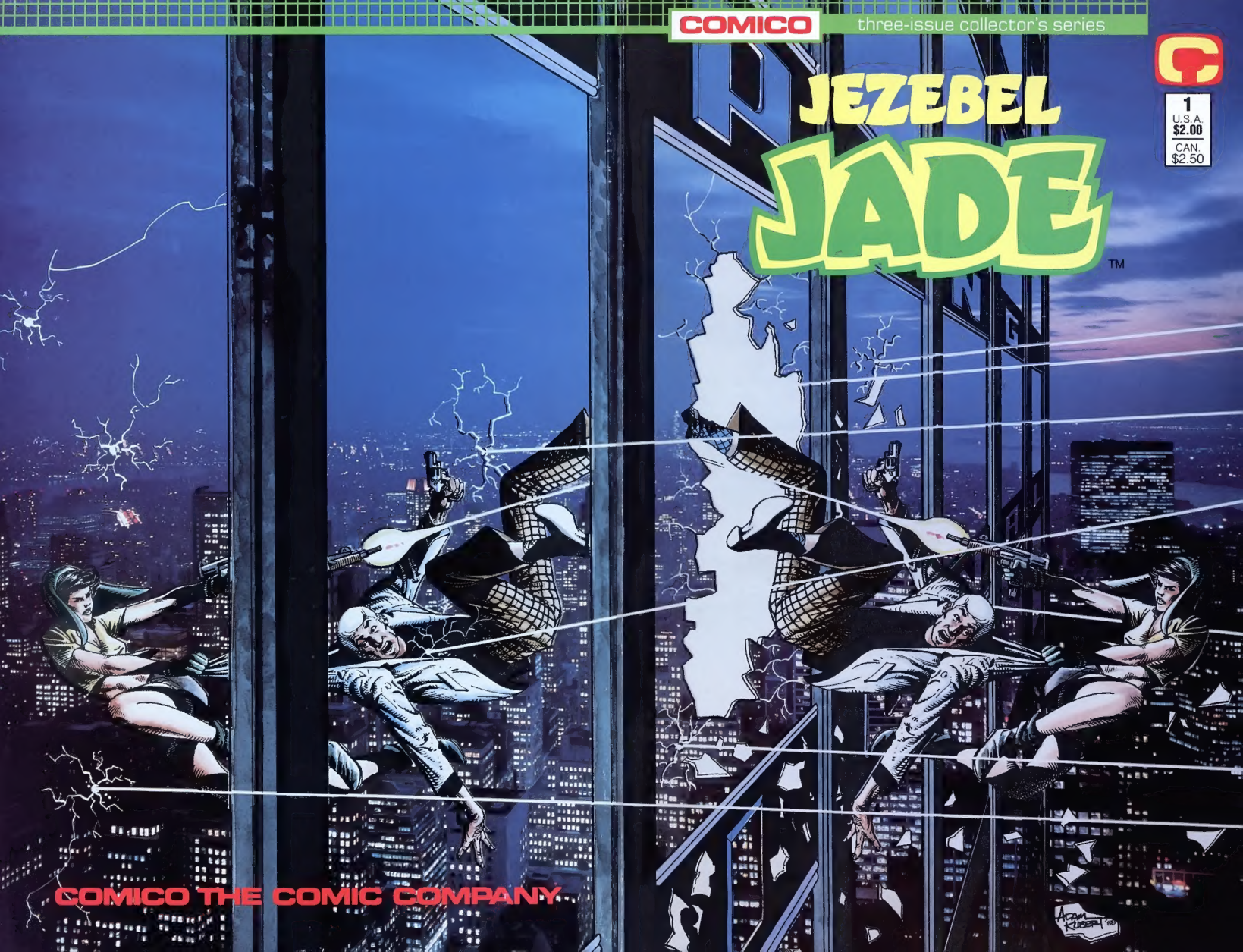
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO.
IF I WERE AN ANCIENT MAD GENIUS, I'D HAVE AN ESCAPE ROUTE HANDY.
WHERE WOULD I PUT IT?
THERE! AND THE ONLY PLACE IT CAN LEAD...
WHAT SORT OF BOMB DO YOU THINK? NUCLEAR?
MAYBE. OR MAYBE BIOLOGICAL ...A REALLY NASTY VIRUS. OR EVEN NERVE GAS...
...THAT'S WHAT I'D USE.
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE, A PROFESSIONAL ENDORS-- UHHHH!
RACE!
MARTELL. LILY MARTELL
HEHEHEHEH HSSSS... YOU.. KILLED ME.... HSSSS...


SHE WONDERED HOW YOU KILLED A THING THAT WAS ALREADY DEAD...
SOMETHING THAT WAS QUICKER THAN YOU...
SNAP
SOMETHING THAT WAS STRONGER AND BRAVER THAN YOU...
SOMETHING THAT WANTED ONLY TO EAT YOUR FLESH, INHALE YOUR BREATH, AND DRINK YOUR BLOOD...
SHE WONDERED HOW SHE WOULD FEEL WHEN SHE DIED...

PING
JADE! OVER HERE!
RACER'S DOWN!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!
DOES THIS COPTER HAVE JET THRUST?
WELL, YES, BUT WE HAVE WOUNDED, AND--
AND IN ABOUT TWELVE MINUTES THERE'LL BE A CRATER WHERE THIS BUILDING IS STANDING, CHIEF! METHUSELAH LEFT US A KEEPSAKE BEFORE HE DIED...
HOW INTERESTING!
THE MASTER ALWAYS CLAIMED HE HAD SET A BOMB... UNFORTUNATELY, MOST OF HIS RECORDS AND RESEARCHES ARE BURNED...
...YET THESE FEW I HAVE SALVAGED SHOULD GIVE ME THE FOUNDATION FOR EMPIRE!
AS SOON, THAT IS, AS YOU GET OUT OF THAT HELICOPTER! I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DYING HERE! STEP ASIDE, OR WE WILL BLOW YOU ASIDE!
I DON'T THINK SO.
THIS IS THE OLD BOY'S LAST VIAL OF IMMORTALITY SERUM... THE ONE HE NEVER TOOK. IT'S WORTH BILLIONS.
SO WHY DON'T YOU LET THIS COPTER TAKE OFF, THEN WE'LL DISCUSS TERMS...?

JADE, NO! WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE YOU HERE!
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE A MAD, NOBLE GESTURE WHEN YOU SEE ONE?
SHE. SHE'S RIGHT
IS THERE ANYTHING I SHOULD TELL RACE?
TELL HIM I ALWAYS PAY MY DEBTS. NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
I THINK YOU ARE LYING TO ME.
DO YOU WANT TO TAKE THE CHANCE?
NO.
I'M PRETTY GOOD AT FINDING THINGS. IF I UNCOVER THE BOMB, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DISARM IT?
PERHAPS
THEN LET'S START LOOKING. I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING PLANNED FOR THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES ANYWAY.
THE BOMB NEVER WENT OFF.
WHEN RACE RETURNED TO THE BURNED-OUT BUILDING, JADE, ZIN, AND THE OTHERS HAD DISAPPEARED.

"TWO YEARS PASSED BEFORE THEY MET AGAIN, AND SHE SAVED HIS LIFE."
WOW, HAJI. I SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS GONNA HAPPEN NEXT!
UH, NO, JONNY. I DO NOT THINK THAT YOU DO!
COME BACK HERE, YOU IMPS! READ MY PRIVATE PAPERS, WILL YOU? YOU'LL HAVE KP FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!
IT WAS WORTH IT, RACE!
IT WAS WORTH IT!
THE END
ADAM KUBERT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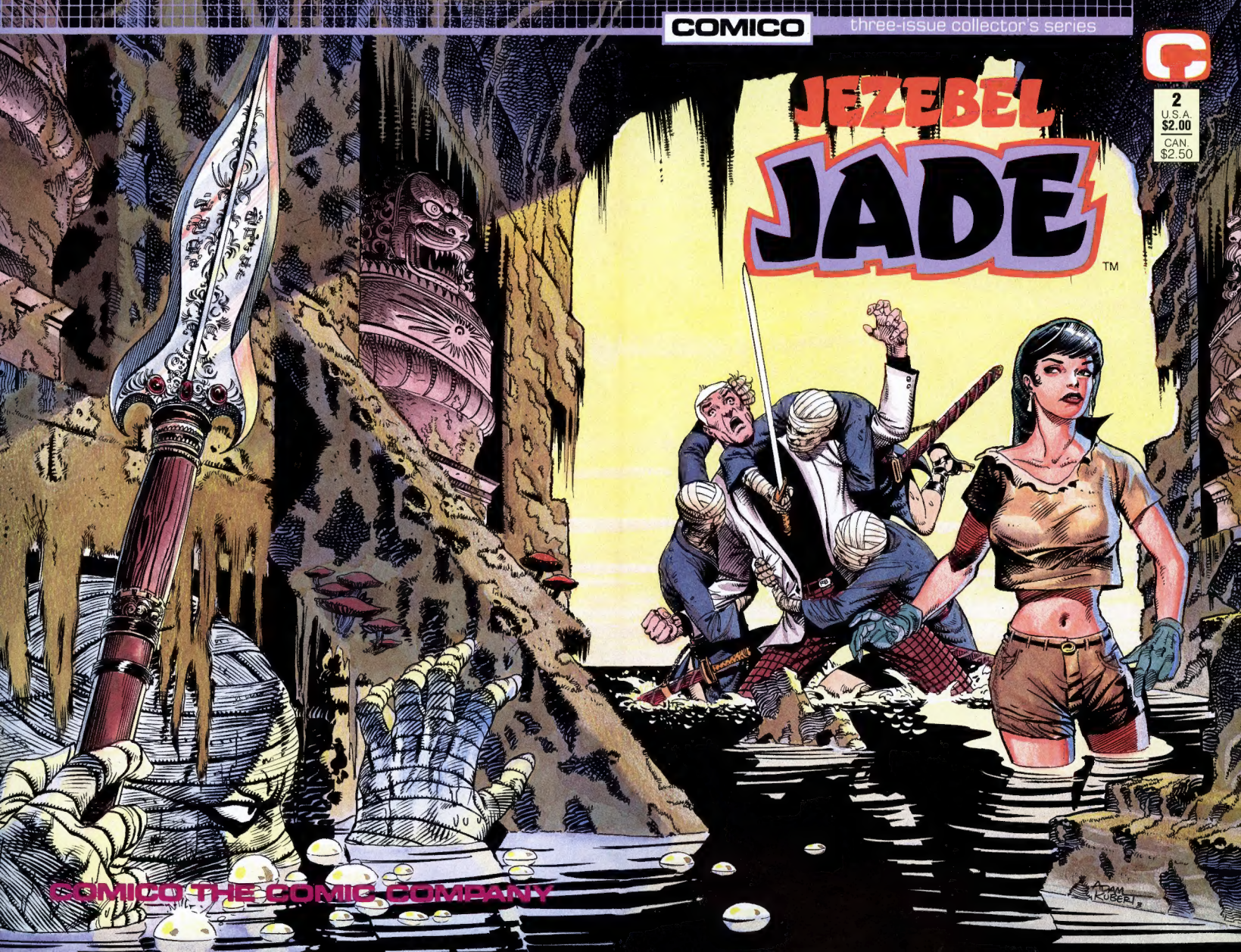
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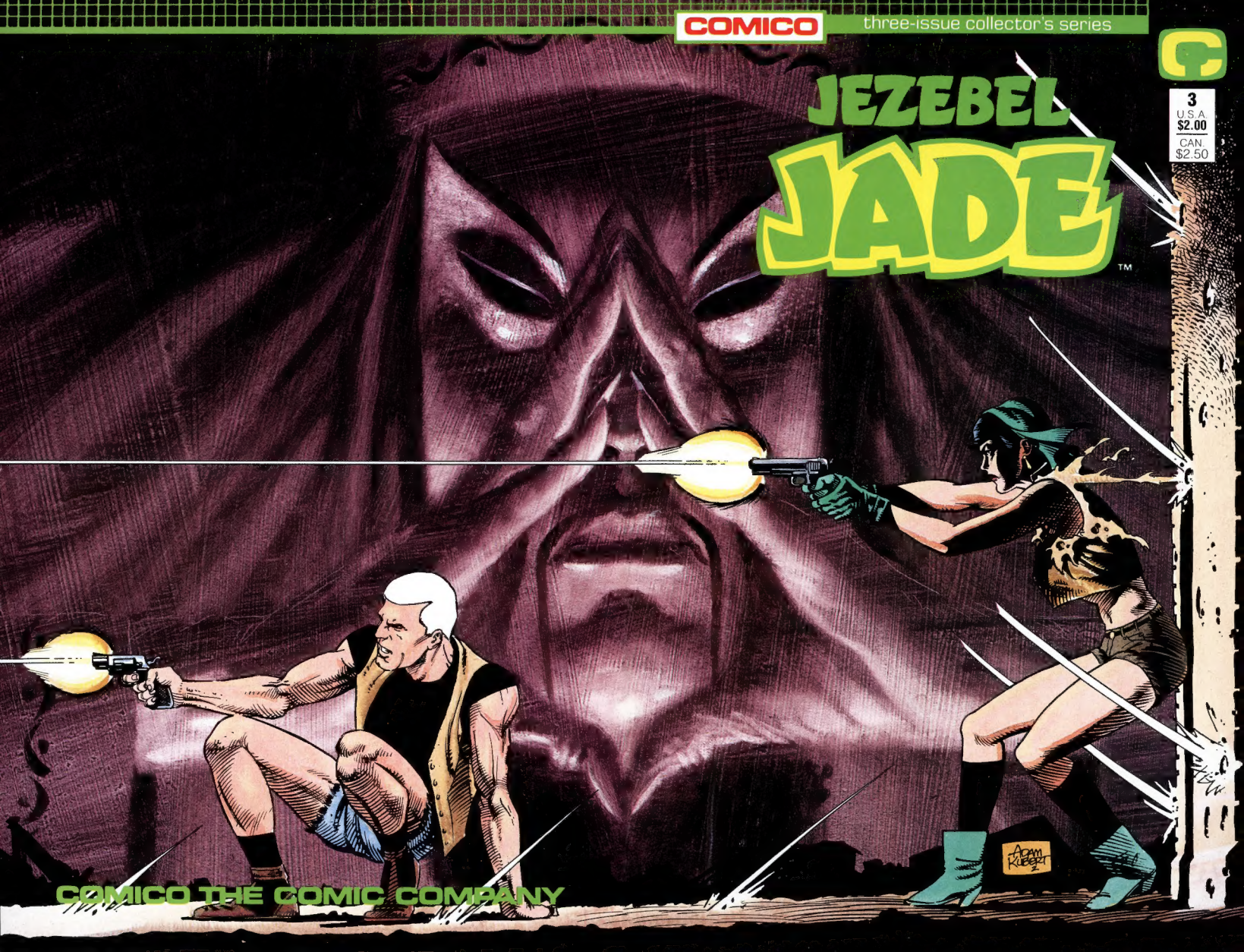
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